Young Prince Marigold

And other Fairy Stories

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The Magic Whistle. *Front.*

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BY

JOHN FRANCIS MAGUIRE, M.P.

ILLUSTRATED by S. E. WALLER.

London:
MACMILLAN AND CO.
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By S. E. WALLER.

YOUNG PRINCE MARIGOLD,

AND OTHER TALES.

I.

YOUNG PRINCE MARIGOLD AND HIS LITTLE PONIES, DAISY AND LILY.

THERE lived in a certain part of the world two mighty monarchs—King Placid and King Furious. The first was much beloved, for he never did anybody an injury, and was always anxious to see his subjects happy. He was very good to the poor, and compassionate to all kinds of distress and suffering, and no one was ever turned away hungry or sorrowful from his palace-gate. King Furious, on the contrary, was a monarch of

ferocious disposition, who hated everybody, and was never tired of quarrelling with his neighbours. His very name was a terror to every well-disposed person. He sought several occasions of attacking King Placid; but King Placid never did anything to provoke his hostility, and Furious, though a great savage, did not venture to attack his royal neighbour until he had an opportunity of doing so with entire success.

One of the causes of the hatred of King Furious to King Placid was the fact that, while he (King Furious) had no children of his own, and no prince to succeed him on his throne, King Placid possessed one of the most beautiful children in the world—young Prince Marigold—who was as amiable in his disposition as he was handsome in his person.

No one could see Prince Marigold without admiring him, or could know him without loving him. His hair fell round his neck like streams of gold, and his whole countenance was so sweet

in its expression, that it was quite a common thing for people to stop his nurse, Kittums, when she had the young prince in her arms, and to say —"Oh, nurse, do let me kiss that lovely child!" You may be sure Kittums was very proud of her prince. We have said that Prince Marigold was as amiable in his disposition as he was handsome in his person, which is quite true. He was always obliging and kind, and most dutiful to his parents, whom he obeyed without a murmur; and what is rather uncommon with children generally, he never cried when Kittums, for the sake of his health, and wishing to make him strong, gave him his cold bath in the morning. And what is quite as remarkable, he never shed a tear when he was rubbed dry with a rough towel, though it must be confessed it was with difficulty he could keep from crying out. When he was required to take medicine, which was rarely, for Prince Marigold would on no account eat anything that his nurse told him was not good for him, he shut his eyes,

clenched his little hands, and swallowed it like a hero—which shows Marigold to be a plucky young prince. If Marigold saw a poor hungry child crying on the palace steps, he would give the child his cake, or his whip, or even his little horse and cart, of which he was very fond; or if he had nothing of his own to give at the time, he would ask his nurse Kittums to get him something which he could bestow on the poor weeping child.

One day he saw an old woman crying on the doorstep, and rocking herself to and fro, as if in great grief. She appeared to be almost blind with age, and scarcely able to walk. "Good mother," said Marigold, "don't cry—it pains me to hear you." "Oh—oh!—ooh—ooh!—oh!" sobbed the old woman. "Here is my cake," said Marigold, whose tears were in his eyes at the sight of the old woman's grief. "Boo—ooh—ooh—oh—O!" cried the old woman, who seemed to suffer more every moment. "Don't, do-n-'t—don't

—d-o-n-'t!" said poor Marigold, "and I'll give you all I have—my top, and my marbles, and my horse and cart—and everything." Marigold ran in to get his top, and his marbles, and even his horse and cart, to give them all to the poor old woman. But when he came back, the old woman was not to be seen; but in her place a beautiful young lady, with eyes like diamonds, and her dress like the sun, shining so as almost to dazzle those who looked at her.

"Marigold, come to me, and don't be afraid," said the lady, in the sweetest tone of voice, that sounded to Marigold's ear as the most delicious music. "You are a good boy, because you are kind and compassionate to the poor. I am a fairy; and when you saw me a while ago, I was disguised as an old and miserable woman. I desired to try you, to see whether you were as good a boy as I heard you were. I now have proof of your goodness; and I tell you that goodness is sure to have its reward. You are now

in a grand palace, and your father is a great king; but in a short time he will be obliged to fly into the forest, and leave his crown and his palace and his guards behind him. Misfortune is however our best friend, for it makes us rely on ourselves, and we learn by it to see things in their true light, which we cannot do in the glare of wealth and splendour. I am now going to make you a useful present. You will find in your stable two beautiful little ponies, Lily and Daisy. They are small, but they are as swift as the wind and as strong as elephants, and you will find them to be faithful friends in the hour of need."

The Fairy—whose name was Slim—smiled at Marigold, and caressed him with her pretty white hand upon his golden hair; and then taking a beautiful bright whistle from her pocket, she blew into it twice—once for Lily, and once for Daisy. In a moment there was heard a pattering of hoofs on the gravel in front of the palace, and up trotted two of the loveliest ponies that eyes ever beheld.

They were not much taller than large Newfoundland dogs, were as black as a coal, and their hair shone like any satin. Each had a small white star in the very centre of his forehead, and their tails and manes resembled waves of the richest silk. They bowed their pretty heads to the Fairy, and then they danced round Prince Marigold, and tossed their heads, and switched about their tails, and put their little noses up to Marigold, as much as to say, "Sweet Prince! let us be the best friends in the world." The Prince was overjoyed with the polite manners of his new ponies, and he patted and kissed them, until they seemed quite wild with delight.

"Prince," said the Fairy, "they will understand everything you say to them; and a time will come when ——" Here the Fairy stopped, for some of the King's servants were approaching. She then kissed the Prince on his brow, patted Lily and Daisy on the head, and was gone before you could count two.

The Prince invited his ponies to come with him to their nice little stable, with which they seemed to be much pleased, for they whinnied in the pleasantest manner, and rubbed their pretty heads to their young master.

Well, not very long after this time, the wicked King Furious, who had often cast an envious eye on King Placid's riches and dominions, suddenly attacked the good King's palace in the middle of the night, and killed all his guards, who never suspected the approach of danger. Prince Marigold slept soundly, as good and healthy boys usually do, and did not hear the dreadful shouts of the soldiers of King Furious, and the cries and groans of the wounded and dying guards of King Placid; and as his eyes were closed in sleep, he could not see the light of the torches, or the flames of the burning palace. But the good Kittums, who always watched carefully over her darling Marigold, jumped out of her bed, and ran to the beautiful cot, with silken

quilt and lace curtains, in which he was gently sleeping—

"Rise, my lovely!" cried Kittums; "get up quickly, my doaty pigeon!"

"What is the matter, Kittums?—my own nice Kittums," asked the Prince, as he flung his arms round his nurse's neck, and kissed her fondly.

"Get up, darling, and let me dress you quickly, for bad King Furious has attacked the palace, and we must fly for our lives. But don't be afraid, doaty pigeon, for Kittums is near her own pet."

"I'm not afraid," said the boy, bravely—"I'm almost a man, and I'll cut off bad men's heads with Papa's big sword; and I hate King Furious, for he's an ugly nasty king—so he is."

Kittums was all this time dressing the Prince, nor did she forget to hang round his neck the golden whistle which the Fairy had presented to him, and which he had ever since kept under his pillow at night.

Kittums had just time to put a couple of loaves of white bread, and a few apples, and some dried fruit, into a basket, when King Placid rushed into the room, in his dressing-gown and slippers, and his hair standing on his head with fright.

"Kittums, Kittums! where's my boy?" cried the King.

"Here I am, Papa, my own Papa!" replied Prince Marigold, jumping into his father's arms, and kissing his rough chin—for the King's beard grew very fast in the night, and his hour for shaving had not of course yet arrived.

All this time there were shouts and cries in the palace, and the tramp of soldiers, and the noise of people rushing up and down in fight and confusion. A terrible voice was heard roaring out —"Where is that horrible scoundrel, King Placid? Will no one bring him to me?—or give me Prince Marigold till I devour him?"

"Oh, the dreadful cannibal!" said poor King Placid, whose hair stood up like spikes on his

head—"We must fly out of this. Kittums, bring the Prince—come by the back door—fly, fly!"

"Papa, don't forget your crown," said Prince Marigold.

"My darling boy," said the nurse, "a warm nightcap would be of more service to his Majesty now than a cold crown of gold."

"Hang the crown!" exclaimed King Placid, whose hair was so bolt upright on his head, that no crown could be found to fit him at that moment.

Away the three ran along the corridors of the palace, and out by the back door; and just as they were closing the door after them, they heard Furious roaring like a wild bull, and asking his guards to give him some one to cut up in mince-meat, that he might devour for his breakfast. On hearing this terrible voice and these awful words, King Placid was so frightened that his nightcap was fairly lifted off his head, his hair bristled so wonderfully.

Away they ran, ran, ran, until they reached the forest; and though it was a dark night, there was a strange kind of light that danced and played before them, and guided their footsteps as they rushed into the very depths of the forest. This was the Fairy Slim, who assumed the form of a Will-o'-the-wisp, and not only guided them through the dark and tangled paths, and safe from wild beasts, but led them to the most beautiful cave, in which there were two beds of fresh moss—one for the poor King, and the other for the Prince and his nurse Kittums. The strange light remained like a faint star in the roof of the cave, which was hung with the most graceful plants, and was formed of stones and rocks of the loveliest colours and the queerest and most fantastic shapes.

"Oh, what a pretty place!" cried the Prince.

"Oh, what a nice bed!" said the King, with a yawn that opened his mouth wide enough to frighten Furious himself.

The three lay down on their nice soft beds, which had so fragrant an odour; and they soon went fast to sleep, the good Fairy keeping watch over them until morning.

When King Placid opened his eyes, he was much surprised at his position. He winked very hard, rubbed his poll, pulled his ears, and felt his nose—for he could not believe that it was King Placid who was in such a strange place, and lying on such a queer bed, without silken curtains or satin coverlid.

"Where am I?—where am I?—what extraordinary place is this?" asked the King.

"Papa," said the Prince, "don't you remember that we ran away from the palace, and that bad King Furious wanted to cut off your nice head, and cut me into mincemeat?"

Poor Placid's hair stood up again, lifting the nightcap nearly a foot off his head—for it was the custom of those times to wear the hair very long, just as it is the absurd fashion of the present

day for ladies to pile up on their heads all manner of strange contrivances.

"I am tremendously hungry," said Placid—"I think I could eat old Furious with a pinch of salt."

"Oh! Papa, if you talk like that," said the Prince, "I shall be afraid to kiss you."

"Here, your Majesty," said Kittums, "is something I brought with me, which will satisfy your appetite for the present, and you need not mind eating that brute Furious, or anybody else. Here is nice white bread, and here is fruit, and here is delicious water, bubbling over these sparkling pebbles."

"Ho, ho!" cried King Placid, "then I won't require to eat that scoundrel King Furious—besides, I think the fellow's hide is so thick, it would try my teeth too severely."

So they laughed gaily, and ate a hearty meal, and were as happy as if they were breakfasting in the palace on the most delicious

viands, and were served on plates of silver and gold.

Suddenly, tears stood in the eyes of Prince Marigold, and he cried out—"Oh, Nurse! Oh, Papa!"

"What is the matter with my doaty boy—my life's jewel!" exclaimed Kittums, in great alarm.

"Has my son a pain anywhere?" asked the King.

"My ponies, my ponies!—my Lily and my Daisy!" cried the Prince.

"What do we want of them now?" said Placid —"we have no stable for them."

"Oh, Papa, I should like to have them with me, and I will have them too, for I know they will come when I call them," said Marigold.

"My darling, they are many miles away from us," said Kittums.

"No matter, they will hear me," said the Prince; and, drawing out his golden whistle, he blew two notes on it—which notes seemed to run through

the forest like living messengers, and to fade softly away in the distance.

"Pooh, pooh! nonsense, boy," said King Placid; "they can't hear you."

But while the King was thus speaking, there was heard the well-known patter of the ponies' feet, and in a moment more up rushed Lily and Daisy, as bright and beautiful, and as full of affectionate playfulness, as when they had been presented to their young master by the good Fairy Slim. One would suppose they would never be tired of rubbing their glossy heads on the Prince; and King Placid and Nurse Kittums came in for a full share of their mute endearments.

"There, there! that's enough, my little friends," said the King. "I am happy to see you, and to know that you did not fall into the clutches of that rascal Furious; but if you could help me to a good dinner, I should be much obliged to you.'

The poor King only said these words in a

grumbling spirit, not for a moment thinking the ponies could understand him; but no sooner were the words well out of his royal mouth, than the ponies looked at each other, put their pretty little heads together as if in consultation, and then scampered away, swift as the wind.

"My ponies, my ponies!—oh! my ponies!—oh—oh—oh!" cried the Prince.

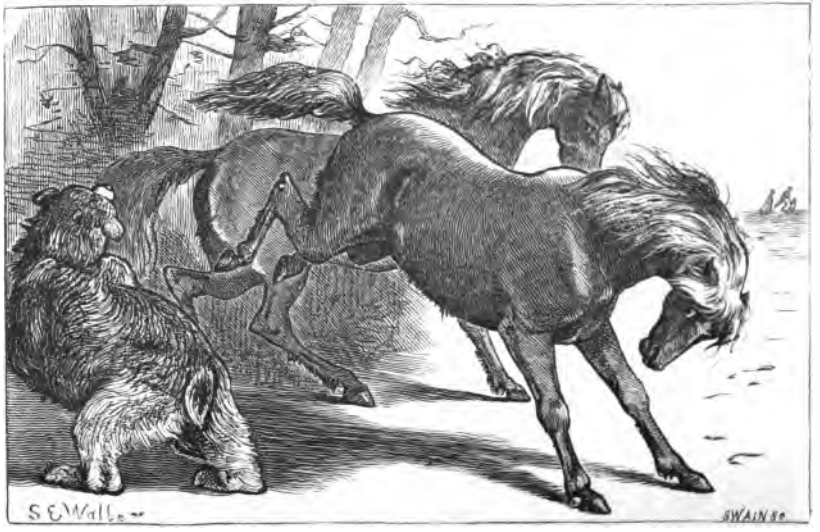
But his melancholy cry was soon changed into a joyful shout, as the ponies dashed back to the cave, each having a pair of panniers on its back. Kittums soon emptied the panniers, and spread out on the bright and soft velvet grass a feast that made King Placid's mouth water with delight.

"You are a pair of ducks!" exclaimed the King, who gave Lily and Daisy a hearty hug. "You forgot nothing, my beauties, not even salt, mustard, and pepper"—for the good King, though kind to others, was rather fond of himself, and very particular in matters of the table.

And this went on for several months, the ponies

supplying every want, and proving themselves to be the most valuable friends and the most faithful servants. King Placid was never happier in his life, and often said that his comfortable nightcap was worth to him all the crowns that were ever worn by kings or emperors since the time of the Flood. The ponies were in a special manner ever on the watch to do what would please or amuse their young master; and indeed I doubt much if he had lovelier toys to play with in his papa's palace than he had now, thanks to Daisy and Lily, who never tired of the duty imposed on them by the good Fairy.

These beautiful little ponies were as bold as lions, and as faithful as watch-dogs. Their watchfulness and courage were proved one day, when the King, and the Prince, and Kittums were having a nice little picnic in a part of the forest they had never been in before. Now a huge bear lived in this place, and he was such a savage, that he soon had it all to himself; for no decent



Daisy and Lily defeat the Bear.—P. 19.

or well-conducted brute would have anything to do with the fellow.

"Here is that old fool King Placid, and that watchful cat Kittums, and that sweet little Prince Marigold,—what a nice tit-bit for poor Brian!"

This was what the bear said to himself as he rushed out of his hiding-place on the party. But just as the bear tumbled King Placid head-over-heels in one direction, while he was picking a chicken bone, and sent Kittums sprawling in another direction, and just as the brute was going to seize the Prince, up rushed the ponies, with a whinny that sounded like the blast of a trumpet. Marigold was for an instant much frightened, for the bear was a horrid monster, with great flaming eyes, and bristly hair, and paws that were fearful to behold. But Lily and Daisy soon settled Master Bruin; for they flung up their hind legs, and kicked him on each side of his head, until they blinded both his eyes, and knocked out all his jaw teeth. Away shambled Bruin, the ponies still

kicking him all over his head and body, until you would not find a whole bone in his skin. The Prince kissed his ponies gratefully, and the King patted their glossy necks, and Kittums called them many loving names.

"Why, they do everything but speak!" said the King, who was rubbing himself after his tumble head-over-heels.

"Oh! Papa, I wish they would speak!" cried the Prince.

"Do you?"

"Do you?"

"Who spoke?" asked the King.

"I never heard those voices before," said Kittums.

"Dear me! who is that?" said the Prince.

"It is Lily," "It is Daisy," said the ponies.

Imagine, if you can, the wonder of the King and Kittums, and the delight of the Prince, when the ponies said this, with the sweetest voices in the world, and not at all like ponies'. And so now,

as the ponies could take part in the conversation, the party chatted merrily for some time, the ponies answering the questions asked of them by the King, Kittums, and their young master.

Suddenly, Daisy cried out—"King Placid! get up on my back—quick!"

"My dear little pony, I would break your pretty back if I did, and my legs would be on the ground. But what is the matter?"

"Up, up! without a moment's delay," insisted Daisy.

"And you, Prince and Kittums, get up on mine," said Lily.

"Mount, mount! there is danger," said the ponies, in voices of great agitation.

The King mounted on Daisy, and Kittums and the Prince mounted on Lily; and the ponies dashed away, swift as the wind, and just escaped in time, for the forest was filled with the soldiers of Furious, who heard that King Placid had sought refuge in the Fairy Cave, and was resolved to kill

him and the Prince, if he could only get them into his wicked clutches. The ponies laughed out a pleasant laugh as they left the forest far behind them.

"Bravo, Daisy!" cried the King—"I never crossed a braver or a better steed."

"It is as easy as sitting in a chair," said Kittums, who was by no means a good horse-woman.

"Ho, ho!—ha, ha!—he, he!" laughed the ponies, as they tossed their pretty heads, and shook their flowing manes, and galloped on with the speed of the wind.

At length they stopped right before the palace gate.

"What is this?—is not this my palace?" said King Placid, as Daisy and Lily dashed into the courtyard, and stopped at the very steps of the grand entrance.

"It is your own palace, good King Placid," said Daisy, who always had the first word.

"But, my dear Daisy, if Furious comes back, he will kill me, and devour my darling Marigold."

"No fear, King Placid," replied Lily.

"Ha, ha!—ho, ho!" laughed the ponies.

"What does it mean?" said King Placid.

"Fairy Slim will take good care of them," answered Daisy.

"She will so," said Lily.

"Ho, ho!—ha, ha!—he, he!" and the ponies laughed, as if they thought of the pleasantest joke in the world.

"What does it all mean, I ask you, my little friends?" inquired Placid.

"Why, King, the Fairy, our honoured mistress, has by this time turned Furious into a huge frog, and he is now croaking—oh, so comically!—down in the marsh; and as for his soldiers, they are changed into frightened hares, and are scampering away, scared out of their wits at the sound of a rustling leaf. Ho, ho!—ha, ha!—he, he!"

At this instant Fairy Slim appeared before them

in the most splendid dress, her face beaming with goodness, and her eyes shining like stars. She waved a golden wand above her head, and in a clear voice, that rang through the palace with sweet and silver tones, cried out—"Guards, awake! your master has returned!" From all sides there was heard the clatter of swords, as the guards rushed into the courtyard, and surrounded the King and the Prince, whom they hailed with shouts of joy.

"My friends," said the Fairy to the guards, "continue to love your royal master King Placid, who is a kind and merciful ruler, and never turned the poor from his door, and also cherish your young Prince, who is the worthy son of his good father, and whose compassion for distress was the means of saving his Majesty, and restoring him to his kingdom; for if Prince Marigold had not taken pity on me, when I assumed the form of a wretched old woman, I would never have saved him and King Placid from destruction, or brought

Furious and his soldiers to their present deplorable condition."

The Fairy then disappeared; but Daisy and Lily remained; and though they never again were heard to speak, they were as strong, as swift, and as playful as ever. And years after, when Prince Marigold ascended the throne, on the death of King Placid, the ponies might be seen cropping the delicious grass of the royal park, or feeding from the hands of the young King and his lovely Queen—for the Prince was married to one of the most beautiful and accomplished Princesses of the day, who loved the ponies for what they had done for their master in the hour of need. Lily and Daisy lived to an extreme old age, and the King Marigold and his beauteous Queen were esteemed the happiest couple in the world—which is saying much.

II.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A CAT.

My early recollections are naturally indistinct and shadowy. I suppose it is the same with most cats; and indeed the cat who asserts the contrary is not much to be trusted. Of Papa I have no remembrance whatever; but of Mamma what tender recollections! If cats were like crocodiles or human beings, and could shed tears at will, I should weep continually as I think of my honoured mother; but as we are denied the luxury of tears, my eyes must perforce be dry, though my heart overflows with sensibility, as I recall to my mind that best of parents. Excellent mamma! she is before me at this moment, as I saw her many,

many years since, her eyes almost closed, and an expression of sweet serenity beaming over her demure countenance. Even now, I feel her tongue rubbing me vigorously against the hair, or polishing my furry coat; and I shrink in imagination from the lightning stroke of her nervous paw, as I provoke her anger by my impertinence and tricks.

My mother was a remarkable cat. She had her failings—what cat has not?—but she had many and great virtues, that more than compensated for any weaknesses common to the feline nature. If she did at times deal sternly with me, I must do my beloved parent the justice to admit the fault was mine. I could not see this at the time; but our feelings change as we advance in life, and I myself have been a mother, and know how necessary it is to correct the follies of the young, and prevent them from presuming upon the affection of their superiors. I was frisky, lively, and, I must confess it, ever at some mischief or other.

Not content with playing with my own tail, or the tail of my favourite brother, I used to pounce in the most indiscreet manner on the tail of my mamma. Indeed she never could indulge in a gentle wag of her beautiful appendage, that I had not my claws fast in it, too often to my mamma's intense agony. You may be sure, dear reader, I paid for my temerity; for Mamma detested any liberty with her tail, and keenly resented what she termed "a gross personal indignity." Mamma frequently remonstrated with me, and implored me "to be prudent, and have sense;" and her excellent advice would influence me for a minute or two, and I would make all kinds of promises of amendment; but, alas! scarcely did I catch sight of the maternal tail in motion, than I was down on it again. My mother declared I was incorrigible—that I was breaking her heart—bringing her with sorrow to an early grave—and that I would rue the day I lost such a parent; and she either commenced

or concluded her lecture with a box on the ear that knocked all spirit out of me for nearly five minutes. Yet, such is youth, I was "at it again," as my brother said, in a moment after.

A better mother kitten never had than I possessed in Mamma. My coat soon became glossy under the touch of her skilful tongue; nor was my education in the least degree neglected. My mother was too conscientious to neglect any of the duties of maternity, and she discharged them all with rigid propriety.

I was little more than two months old when I could master a full-grown mouse that my mamma had judiciously crippled, so as not to overtax my infant powers; and scarcely was I four months in this world of care, when I caught and killed a mouse of venerable aspect, that certainly must have been the father of a large family. Mamma highly complimented me on what she termed my surprising prowess, and expressed a hope that the day was not far distant when I should fulfil

the highest object of her ambition—namely, kill a rat at a single pounce. I felt a glow of exquisite pleasure through my whole frame, even to the tip of my tail, at dear Mamma's praise, and modestly replied that my fondest wish was to merit her approval. How sweet a smile passed over her pensive face, which yet had not lost the charm of youth, as she called me her own darling, and gently passed the soft side of her tongue over my head and back! And, when I was good, how tenderly her fore-paws would embrace my tiny person, as I lay snugly on her warm breast! Dear mother, shall I ever forget your tenderness for your silly and too frisky child?

Before I proceed further, it may be necessary to say something of the family my mother had lived with since her youth, and of whom, I may add, she was looked upon as a member. The master of the house was a respectable physician, in good practice, and had been married for ten years before I was born. For obvious reasons, I

shall simply describe him as the Doctor, and his wife as the Mistress, as it is not my intention to cause pain to people who for so many years afforded the shelter of a roof to my honoured parent. Four children—Minnie, Gertie, Harry, and Charley—were the fruit of a happy union. Naturally, these young persons may have had the tenderest hearts in the world, and I have no doubt they had no wish to be cruel; but if we were a torment to my mamma, pouncing on her head, or dashing at her tail, as she was preparing for a comfortable snooze, I should like to know what these four precious children were to me! As for Charlie, he was my evil genius. The Doctor was partial to our race, and liked to see my mother in his library, seated on the arm of his chair, or coiled snugly on the rug. He had been equally fond of my grandmother, Mamma's respected parent; but that excellent and indiscreet cat having rashly attempted to rear Mamma and my uncle in his wife's best bonnet, she was cruelly

banished, with every mark of ignominy, from a home which she had adorned for many years by her presence and her virtues. Grandmamma, it is true, had a confirmed weakness for bonnets and muffs, bandboxes, drawers, and presses: but, after all, should not the faithful cat who for whole nights watched by a hole to seize the nasty wicked rat, be pardoned for a trifling error of this kind?

Hard-heartedness is, however, surely followed by its own punishment. It was so in the case of persecuted Grandmamma; for scarcely had she been driven in shame from the house, when the mice appeared in the bed-rooms and the parlours, and the rats invaded the kitchen, the cellars, and the pantries. Then was Grandmamma's merit appreciated, but too late; she had been borne away to a distant part of the country in a horrid basket, amid her own cries and those of her orphaned children, Mamma and Uncle. Fortunately, Mamma and her brother soon exhibited such courage and determination as to compensate in some measure

for the loss of Grandmamma; and as the mice and rats ceased to trouble ere very long, Grandmamma was soon forgotten by the family—though not by her affectionate children, especially Mamma.

The Mistress was a good woman, but liable to prejudice; and though she had long been consoled for the loss of the bonnet in which Grandmamma had nursed her darlings, I think she seemed to connect Mamma and Uncle in some way with that event. At any rate, Uncle was not more than a year old, when he was made a present of, as a great compliment, to the Doctor's brother, a learned man, who might be truly called the Cats' Friend.

Uncle began his new career under the most favourable circumstances, and was an object of the tenderest solicitude to the worthy man to whose care he was consigned. Unhappily, Uncle's want of moral firmness was the cause of his eventual disgrace; but he did not quit his new home before he had greatly improved his mind in the society of a cultivated companion. My uncle was

a cat of splendid appearance, and most ingratiating manners; but he was weak—in spirit. I have no doubt he made the best resolutions; and if he could only have kept them, all might have been happy with him; unfortunately, he could not, and so he fell. His weakness was butter. Butter in any shape he could not resist. It was too much for his virtue. Such was my relative's infatuation, that I believe he would have sold himself to a furrier for a pound of butter.[1]

At first, as he afterwards confided to Mamma, who I may say reproached him bitterly for his folly and ingratitude, he limited himself to a casual lick, or a mere dip into the cream-jug; but, emboldened by freedom from discovery, he grew to be quite reckless in his misconduct; and eventually nothing would do for him but to lick the entire impression off his master's butter, and drink the

[1] I am aware that this language is open to the charge of exaggeration, but I employ it to exhibit, if possible, the extent of his fatal passion.

greater part of the cream. His master could not for a time understand why the surface of his butter presented so smooth an appearance, as he missed the pretty ornamental design with which the maker had impressed it in the dairy. At length, he questioned his old servant on the subject; but she could give no explanation whatever of what her master called "a phenomenon." Cato —Uncle's name, given to him by his learned master —was never suspected: the regularity of his life and the amiability of his disposition placed him beyond suspicion. Even Molly, the old servant, never dreamed of accusing Uncle Cato of misconduct. But one morning, as Uncle had made a complete finish of the butter, by licking it as smooth as his own fur, and had his head deep in the cream-jug, his master softly entered, and caught the wretched culprit in the act. Enraged at what he witnessed, he flung a book which he had in his hand—for he was a great reader—at poor Uncle, who was absorbed in his unlawful

indulgence; and the missile striking my amiable but faulty relative in the side, knocked him over like a nine-pin, creating an awful clatter among the cups and saucers. Cato dashed first at the window, then up the chimney, and finally, covered with soot, he sprang over Molly's shoulder, and escaped to the lower regions, from which he did not make his appearance for more than a month. Molly's horror was only equalled by her master's indignation. At length, however, my uncle began to show himself in the breakfast-room, and once more familiarly rubbed himself against his master's legs, and even sat upon his knee, as the worthy man read aloud from his favourite authors, much to the benefit of my penitent relative's intellect. But, poor fellow! if he lived to the age of the oldest cat that ever lapped milk or hunted rat, he would still be prone to weakness, and unable to resist temptation where the seduction assumed the shape of cream or butter. The hour of his final disgrace came but too soon.

His master had invited a friend to breakfast; and as this friend was a person of considerable consequence, Molly was advised to "look sharp," and see that everything was to be of the nicest. "Be most particular, Molly," said her master, "and have the butter the freshest you can get. We must also have a drop of choice cream for his tea." Molly promised strict compliance with her master's orders. Alas! these orders were spoken in the presence of my uncle, whose old passion blazed out in a moment. Licking his chaps at the fatally seductive words of his master, he vowed to have the first of the above-mentioned luxuries for himself. Too truly did he keep his rash vow.

Hiding behind the curtain, he waited in concealment until Molly had laid the table, had left the room, and shut the door, after having looked everywhere to see if Cato were there; and then jumping on the table, my unhappy uncle polished off the butter to a nicety, and afterwards made

a splendid meal of the cream. Scarcely had the guilty glutton filled his stomach with the forbidden luxuries than he was also filled with remorse, which is a bad digester. He did not exactly call on the ground to open and swallow him, for Uncle was not a cat given to extravagance of language, but he instinctively stole under the shadow of the sofa, and there awaited the result. A clatter at the door announced the arrival of the guest. My uncle's conscience smote him, as the door was opened by his master. If he could have done so, miserable Cato would have rushed out, and betaken himself to the housetop—anywhere to escape the just punishment that he knew awaited him; but he had not the courage even to attempt to slink away.

Molly brought in the urn, and the tea was made; the ham and eggs and chops were duly served; and the master poured out the tea for himself and friend.

"Cream and sugar, my dear fellow?" said the

host, more as a matter of form than for information, for he knew his friend's tastes of old.

"You need not ask me," replied the guest, in a cheery voice; "I am only too partial to both."

The culprit under the sofa shuddered as these simple words reached his guilty ears.

"Then, my boy, you shall have both.—Why! what is the matter!—where's the cream? and who has been at the butter? Hang that Cato! It's that Cato!—I see his handiwork here. I'll pay the rascal out for this morning's work!"

"Rascal!—Cato!—what is the meaning of this?—who is Cato, and how has he offended you?" inquired the astonished guest.

"What has he done?—drank the cream and licked the butter—that's all, and I think it enough. Who is he?—a filthy beast of a cat, that played me this trick once before, but will never, I promise you, do the like again, at least to me," replied the furious host.

This horrid language cut my uncle to the soul.

"Filthy beast!" and applied to him! A blow, even a kick, he could possibly forgive, though he might not forget; but a "filthy beast"—never! Had Uncle Cato a sword, he would have slain his slanderer on his own hearthrug; but cats, happily, don't wear or use swords, and therefore his master's life was spared. Such was the agony of mind these fearful words caused my uncle to suffer, that he gave vent to his lacerated feelings in a howl that seemed to rend his tortured breast.

"Ha! there you are, you black depredator!—there you are, my charming butter-licker!—there you are, my cream-guzzler!" said his master, in a tone of savage irony, deeply painful to Uncle Cato; "I'll teach you to be virtuous, my fine fellow." And the speaker seized the poker, while Uncle again set up a howl, which I am glad Mamma or I did not hear, it was so heartrending.

I shall not attempt to describe what followed, and will only say that Uncle was lamed in the fray, but not before he had fastened his claws in the shin

of the kind gentleman who in vain endeavoured to save him from the fury of his master—Cato could never tell how it occurred, what with his outraged feelings, even more than his fright, which was excesssive. He was captured, shoved ignominiously into a basket, and sent back to the Doctor with the compliments of his brother, who said he would not deprive the family of "so valuable an animal." Though the Doctor did not exactly understand the message, he received back his "pretty Tom," as Uncle had been called before he received his classical appellation from his late tyrant.

Mamma, with a wonderful power of intuitive perception, for which she was more remarkable than any cat I have ever known, at once saw that something was wrong—to use a decidedly vulgar form of expression, she "smelt a rat." Uncle Cato shrank from her keen green eye, and sought the seclusion of the tiles, evidently to avoid Mamma's pointed allusions and home questions. But Uncle's

reserve was unavailing, as Mamma heard the entire story in the Doctor's study from the chief actor in the tragical scene. I was with Mamma, harmlessly playing with my own tail in pure absence of mind, and indeed having nothing better to do at the time, when Uncle came down from the tiles, on which he had been moping for the best part of the day.

"So, sir," said Mamma, in a tone which, young as I was, I much regretted to hear, "there is no further mystery about the cause of *your* lameness."

Uncle was greatly agitated, but said not a word.

"Butter-licking is mean," said my mother.

Still not a word from Uncle, who seemed to struggle with his feelings.

"To be thrashed with a poker, and to be called a 'filthy beast' into the bargain, and deservedly too," said Mamma, in a voice that was exasperating in the extreme.

Uncle now gave full rein to his passion, and

springing on dear Mamma, he called her a nasty name, and struck her a violent blow on the nose with his right paw, at the same time setting up an awful howl. Mamma had a fierce temper when she was thoroughly roused; and now she was roused indeed; so she clung on poor Uncle, who was weakened from his lameness, and even more so from the sufferings of a wounded spirit, and she inflicted on him a merciless beating, much fur being sacrificed on both sides, but Uncle exhibiting marks of the greatest punishment. When it was all over, I went off in violent hysterics.

For a full month after, Uncle was not seen in the house; but from the moment he returned he ever after treated Mamma with the most respectful delicacy, avoiding the slightest occasion of dispute, and indeed rather shunning the society of his sister. He told me, in confidence, that he decidedly objected to "strong-minded females;" but I rather suspected Uncle Cato's objection was more of a physical than a moral nature, though

I never said so—for Uncle was the soul of tenderness to me. I may add, he was a confirmed bachelor, and upon me he lavished the full wealth of his naturally ardent affections.

At this period of my life the attentions of the Doctor's children were to me a source of constant and terrible tribulation. Unfortunately for my peace of mind, nature had bestowed on me rare charms of person, added to which the care of a fond and accomplished parent had imparted to my manner a winning fascination that was only too fatally attractive. Master Charles, the Doctor's youngest hopeful, couldn't live without me. When he awoke in the morning his first cry was for "his tat, his pussy tat," and until I was given into his clutch there was no peace in the house. Torn from the soft fur of my fond mamma, I was consigned to the tender mercy of the young barbarian; and, ah! I shudder as I recall the treatment I suffered at his ruthless hands. Possibly, the little savage loved me after his own

fashion; but what between strangulation and suffocation, my life was one prolonged torment. Did I attempt to slip from him, I was caught by the throat by the youngster's sturdy fist; then I was rubbed against the hair—that is, from tail to head—and poked in the eye, and pulled by the legs; and my growing whiskers, of which Mamma, with a parent's pardonable vanity, was no little proud, were made the subject of the most painful experiments.

Sometimes I was smothered in doll's clothes, and dandled like a baby; then my face was roughly washed with a wet towel, and, lest "Tarlie's darlin' titten" was not in a state of perfect cleanliness, I was ducked in the first slops at hand! Blinded, panting for breath, frenzied with fright, with stinging soap-suds in my eyes, I rushed to my mamma, and was licked into tranquillity by my loving and sorrowing parent; but scarcely had my spirits recovered their tone, than a message from the nursery was despatched to the

kitchen, ordering "Master Charles's kitten" to be sent up to him "at once." I cannot say that my heart sank into my boots, for I never wore those articles of dress; but this I do say—that had not the idea of enlistment or suicide been ridiculous in *my* case, I should have seriously entertained the possibility of one or other of these desperate alternatives. "Come, little pussy, you must go to the nursery," would cook say, as she handed me over to the messenger, whose return was quickened by a mad tug at the bell, and a yell from my sweet darling upstairs.

"Oh, Dane, Dane! my own titten! Div her to me, Dane!" cried Master Charley.

"No, Jane; give the darling to me," implored Master Harry.

"Jane, Jane! let me have her; I want to dress her like Mamma," besought Miss Gertie.

"No, Jane; give her to me, and I'll wash her pretty face, and comb her lovely hair, and teach her to dance," urged Miss Minnie.

And so they all rushed at me, like a troop of red Indians, and I was pulled here and pulled there, until, I do declare, it was a miracle that a piece of me was not left in the hands of each of the youthful monsters.

How I survived this kind of treatment, I cannot tell; I suppose I must have lost at least half-a-dozen of my complement of nine lives in this horrid martyrdom. A day of rest came at last. Jane "gave notice," and left, and a nice girl, named Martha, came in her place. Martha took pity on my helpless state, and gradually made the children conscious of the fact that I had feeling,—that choking was not pleasant—that I did not admire dips in soap-suds—that my face did not require to be washed six times a day, and that it was as easy to take me up bodily as to pull me into one's lap by the tail. Good Martha's constant interference in my behalf greatly mitigated the severity of my treatment, and I became eventually somewhat accustomed to the ways of

the children: but for a long time I preferred the companionship of my gentle Uncle Cato, or the instructive society of my fond mamma.

Thus I grew to be a remarkably handsome and attractive cat, whose natural playfulness of disposition had been chastened by trials of no ordinary kind. It is only fair to my dear mamma to add that I was neither vain nor conceited; and that by an honest exercise of my developed talent for mousing and rat-killing, I sought to earn the approbation of my master and mistress, and the approval of my own conscience.

Now came a period of sad trial for us poor cats. Nelly, the cook, took it into her wise head to "change her condition," and "settle in life." She had arrived at the ripe age of five-and-forty; but being tired of a single life, she made up her mind to get married.

"Child," said my mother to me, one day, as we were enjoying the air on the balcony, "we must be careful; a time of trouble is approaching."

Mamma's words were very strange, but were uttered with the most expressive solemnity of manner.

"What *do* you mean, Mamma?" said I.

"My dear, Nelly wants to be married," replied my mother, with a volume of meaning in her words.

"Well, Mamma, and why shouldn't she, if she wishes? But what has Nelly's getting married to do with us?"

"Much," said my mother.

"I don't see it, Mammy," I playfully replied; "I wish her every happiness."

"Very good of you," muttered Mamma; "but wait a bit, Miss Benevolence, and perhaps you will soon change your tune."

"Pray explain. I am no longer a kitten; whatever it is, tell me the worst."

"Well," said my mother, in a deep whisper, "*Nelly is going to have a lover; and when the cook has a lover, the cat is sure to catch it.*"

This, as Uncle Cato used to say, was "all Greek" to me. Alas! it was soon plain enough.

Up to this moment, Mamma had borne the most exemplary reputation for probity and discretion; and I, though young and giddy, and at times frivolous, had never done anything to bring a blush to the cheek of my fond but austere parent. Even Uncle Cato was a changed cat, and seemed to have conceived a rooted aversion to a pat of butter. Indeed, the Doctor had only to present a butter-plate to the poor fellow to make him fly from the room in terror, so vivid was the recollection of the poker that maimed him, so keen was the remembrance of the horrid insult to his feelings. More sternly virtuous cats did not exist than we three; and this was the Doctor's boast and belief, until Nelly had a lover.

This lover was an enormous Highlander, whose appearance was very startling to me, and whose manner by no means impressed me in his favour. Under the plea of liking cats, he indulged in

liberties that to a delicate mind was literally odious. These he persevered in, pinching my ears, rubbing up my fur, and pulling me into his horrid lap by the tail,—a mode of being raised which is not only most embarrassing, but very offensive, especially to a female. Mamma, an admirable judge, thought him "a fine man," and Uncle Cato said he was "a strapping fellow." But I never warmed to the creature, though he lost no opportunity, in his rough way, of trying to conciliate me.

"My child," said Mamma, when the Highlander was the subject of our conversation, "this love affair of Nelly's will be a source of much anxiety to us."

My mother's words came quickly true. From the first hour that Nelly's lover made his appearance in the kitchen, which he did with remarkable regularity, two results were apparent—a decided but unaccountable increase in the butcher's bills, and a feeling of strange hostility to the cats of

the house. The reader, I venture to hope, requires no vindication of Mamma's character at my hands—paws I should, perhaps, more correctly say. There was a noble simplicity and a lofty self-denial conspicuous in Mamma that I have not observed in any other cat, of either sex. Such was Mamma's self-possession, her complete control over her feelings, that I have seen her withstand temptation that neither I nor poor Uncle Cato could have resisted. A pet canary one day hopped on the rug, within a yard of Mamma's nose; but though my honoured parent indulged in an involuntary chatter—for, after all, cats will be cats—she at once recollected herself, and deliberately closed her eyes on the unconscious tempter. I could not have done this. I should, it is most likely, have afterwards repented of my act; but that bird would have promptly found a place in *my* stomach, if I was to be hanged for it the next moment.

Then, as to Uncle Cato, whatever might have

been the weakness of his erring youth, he had by this time become a philosopher; and of anything beyond a casual dip in the dripping-pan, or an unauthorized cleaning of a dinner-plate, my uncle could not be justly accused. After a frugal breakfast, eaten with much solemnity and deliberation, he usually betook himself to the tiles, which commanded an extensive view, most conducive to tranquillity of soul. Such was Uncle Cato.

And for myself, it is sufficient to say I scorned shabbiness; and I must remark, that I had become such a favourite with my good master, the Doctor, and with the entire family, with the single exception of the Mistress, that I was too well fed to condescend to steal. Indeed, Mamma often warned me against the horrors of dyspepsia, which she mainly attributed to too much food, and an undue tendency to cream, for which latter luxury I certainly had the family weakness.

From what I have thus said, the reader will understand how unfounded were the vile accusa-

tions of which, for a time, we were made the victims.

I was sitting on the Doctor's knee one morning, when the following conversation occurred between him and his wife:—

"My dear," said the lady, "put down that odious cat; I want to speak to you."

"Well, my dear, speak away; I can hear you without putting down pretty puss. Poor thing, what harm has she done?—has she, little puss?"

The reader may imagine how I rubbed my head against the waistcoat of my kind friend.

"What I have to say is this,—I must have more money to pay my week's bills."

"More money! What do *you* say to that, puss?"

This direct appeal to me was highly embarrassing, and did not at all tend to propitiate my Mistress.

"Oh, bother! Do put down that nasty treacherous brute," said the Mistress, most unhandsomely indeed.

"Shame, Mary!" remonstrated the Doctor; "my pretty little pet is the gentlest of creatures. But go on; I am listening."

The reader may, perhaps, appreciate the conflict of emotions in my breast; but I cannot venture to describe what I felt.

"I tell you, sir, I must have more money. Nelly, to whom I have spoken about the enormous bills, can give no satisfactory explanation of them. She says she wastes nothing, and only for the cats the meat would last much longer."

"The cats, my dear! Nonsense," replied the Doctor.

"It is not nonsense, sir. Nelly is an honest girl, and does not tell lies."

"No doubt she is honest. We are all honest till we are found out. Eh, puss?"

"She says she can't keep a bit of cold meat with the cats — that they are all the greatest thieves in the world, and that your beautiful pet there is the worst of the three."

A feather would have knocked me off the Doctor's knee, so stunned was I by this shameful accusation.

"My dear," said the Doctor, "I don't believe this cat is a thief; nor, if they were the greatest thieves in the world, could that account for the waste in this house."

"Oh, of course, sir, you will believe nothing against your darlings. I declare I am astonished to see a married man, the father of a large family, nursing and spoiling nasty dirty cats—dirty gluttons—filthy things!" said my Mistress, losing all control over her temper, and seriously compromising the dignity of her sex.

"My dear, my dear! don't excite yourself. There, let them be all you say. But are you sure Nelly has no followers—no 'cats' of a different kind—cats that have got no tails, but capital teeth."

"Nelly, Doctor, has no followers; her people live a hundred miles away."

"No lover, or anything of that kind?"

"No, sir; Nelly is no giddy chit."

"Well, I am glad to hear it; but I thought I saw a hulking soldier about the place, and that *he* might be the cat."

"Poor fellow, that was a soldier who, Nelly tells me, wanted to see you for a complaint of the lungs."

"Hum! It may be so," said the Doctor. "But don't believe all you hear against the cats, my love. It sometimes happens that they come in for more than they honestly deserve."

I could have adored my master for his noble words. I wished Mamma and Uncle Cato had been there and heard them; they would have removed much prejudice from their minds.

The bills went on increasing, not alone for meat, but for bread and butter and milk; and, what was most remarkable, jams and pickles began to disappear with astonishing rapidity. Pies and pasties followed likewise; and there were few articles,

either eatable or drinkable, that did not take wings to themselves and fly. The ale now lasted only a quarter its usual time, and spirits or wine could not be left out with safety. *Of course, it was the cats!* The reader must see that I intend this in irony.

What a time we had of it! Did we show our noses in the kitchen, Nelly raised a shout loud enough to waken the dead calling us "nasty, devouring beasts." If a strange noise were heard in the kitchen, the explanation "it is the nasty cats" was sufficient. We suffered in sorrowful silence.

Uncle Cato was disgusted with life, and sought consolation on the tiles. Mamma was of a hopeful nature, and had greater experience of the world; and indeed, but for the strength she imparted to dear Uncle, my impression is he would have challenged a large foxy Tom of the neighbouring house to mortal combat, and deliberately rolled over with him into the street. Happily,

"Uncle Cato, disgusted with life, sought consolation upon the tiles."—P. 58.

Mamma's wise counsel prevailed, and we were saved from so dreadful a catastrophe.

Things had now gone to an intolerable pass. No sweep, or negro, or Christy Minstrel, was blacker than we were painted by Madam Nelly the cook. Even our master had scarcely the moral courage to say a word in our favour, and I dared not attempt the least familiarity with him in the presence of his watchful wife. But, fortunately, the end was at hand, for another month would have crushed my youthful spirits, and driven Uncle Cato to an untimely grave. Here was how it happened:—

Master and Mistress had dined on a splendid roast leg of mutton, fully twelve pounds weight; and as it was being removed, the Doctor remarked it would eat very well cold, and that he should like a little of it for his breakfast in the morning.

During the evening, Mamma, who was with me under the kitchen table, quite in shadow, observed

that "the big cat," as she called the Highlander, was expected; and she called my attention to the ribbons in Nelly's cap, and the care she took in tidying the place. And surely he did come, looking, if anything, bigger and uglier than ever. After an embrace, which Mamma did not like me to see, the Highlander sat down to his supper, consisting of the very leg of mutton that was to be kept for master! How the gallant fellow did plough into it, and slash at it, and make it disappear! If he only treated the enemies of his Queen and country as he did that leg of mutton, his name would be famous in story.

Mamma winked at me, as much as to say—"This is *our* work—it is *we* who are eating the mutton." Of course this was also ironical.

With the thoughtlessness of youth, I approached the Highlander, and commenced to play with the tassels of his philibeg, that hangs in front of his kilt, and was amusing myself innocently enough, when Mamma approached me, and gave me a

sharp box on the ear. "Ha, old girl!" said the Highlander, "what are ye at?"—at the same time clutching Mamma by the tail. Imagine Mamma's indignation, if you can! Outraged, calumniated, slandered—and such a liberty from such a quarter!

Stung to madness, Mamma made a wild dash at the Highlander's bare legs, and, with tooth and nail, fully expressed the stormy emotions of her soul. The Highlander raised a fearful yell, that, if heard on the field of battle, might have scattered the enemy in dismay, and struck frantically at dear Mamma, whom he called shocking names that I would blush to remember; but Mamma fought like a heroine—Joan of Arc, or the Maid of Saragossa—and the more the Highlander kicked and danced, the firmer did she drive her fine claws into his naked legs. He roared, stamped, and yelled. Down went the table—smash went the crockery—away went Nelly in high hysterics; and, in the midst of the stupendous clatter, the Doctor

appeared at the door, with the Mistress behind him.

"Well, my love, sure enough it was the cat that did it all; and, 'pon my life, a very fine Tom he is!"

This was all that the Doctor said. But it was enough. Mamma's feelings were appeased; Uncle Cato's honour was redeemed.

Next day Nelly left, without daring to demand her papers. Thenceforward there was peace and happiness in the house.

III.

JACK TUBBS; OR, THE HAPPY ISLE.

JACK TUBBS was the only son of the best of women, the widow of an honest-hearted sailor who was lost at sea. William Tubbs—or Will Tubbs, as he was more generally called—made his last voyage as second mate of a fine ship bound for Calcutta; and little did his bright-eyed cheery wife think, as she looked with love upon his manly handsome face, that she was never to see him more, save in her dreams, or hear his voice, save in her memory. But so it was to be.

When the *Champion of the Sea*, as the vessel was named, was within a few days of the end of her voyage, she encountered a terrific gale, which

nearly made that voyage her last; but, thanks in a great degree to the gallantry of her hardy crew, who were led on by their second mate, the ship and cargo were saved. But, alas! just as the serious danger was at an end, poor William Tubbs was struck on the head by a heavy block that was swinging wildly to and fro, and he was swept into the raging sea, in which he disappeared before, owing to the confusion on board, any effort could be made to rescue so precious and so brave a life.

The owners of the vessel felt that to their second mate's heroic exertions they were mainly indebted for the safety of their valuable property; and, much to their credit,—for we are in this world more inclined to forget than to reward important services,—they did what they could to soften the hard blow which the tidings of her husband's death dealt to the heart of the afflicted widow: they provided her with means to set up in a decent business, and to educate her

boy, who was a mere infant at the time of his father's death.

Jack was a loving child; and when old enough to perceive that his mother mourned for some cause, which of course he could not comprehend, he would instinctively cling closer to her bosom, and putting up his rosy mouth to her quivering lips, would fondly murmur in infantile accents, "Dak 'oves Dak's ma"—an assurance that seldom failed to fill the widow's eyes with tears; but such tears were as soft rain to the parched earth—under their influence the buds of hope and happiness raised their timid heads in her poor heart. Time and the love of her boy worked their double cure of her grief, and before Jack had reached his fourth year the roses again bloomed on the cheeks of the widow, and her eyes shone once more with their former brightness.

Mrs. Tubbs's shop throve well, and she was able to put by something every year for the future. What she sold was the best of its kind, and her

customers knew they were always safe in her hands, and could depend on the truth of what she said. Honesty is at all times the best policy; but while many people act up to this maxim as a matter of expediency, and in deference to public opinion, or what the world may think or say of them, with Martha Tubbs honesty was a matter of instinct as well as principle; she could not, as she used to say, lie down on her bed at night if she knew she had wronged anybody to the value of a farthing.

A tender heart was that of good Martha Tubbs. Were a neighbour sick or in sorrow, Widow Tubbs was sure to be at that neighbour's side; and whenever an appeal was made to her charity, it was never made in vain,—what she could do she always did, but with a sweetness and a gentleness that seemed to double her gift.

To all created things she was kind and compassionate, but particularly so to what was weak or helpless, and therefore had a claim upon her

protection. Her house was a ready asylum to forlorn dogs and straying cats, to lame sparrows and dilapidated ravens; and the creatures seemed to know they had a firm friend in that pleasant-looking little woman, whose touch was so soft, and whose voice was so caressing.

Jack, though a strong bold boy, replete with life and high spirits, was in this respect the counterpart of his mother—with the same tenderness to whatever creature, were it dog, or cat, or bird, that sought his protection or appealed to his compassion. His family of pets increased rapidly; for at one time a bright-plumed macaw, or at another a tiny marmoset monkey, would be given to him by some sailor who had known or sailed with his father. And the same sailor would tell stories to the boy, as he sat upon his knee or leaned confidently against his shoulder, of the wonders of the ocean, and the strange things to be seen in foreign lands. Of such stories—and the more marvellous the more delightful—Jack

never wearied; and, to tell the truth, his sailor friend appeared to be as willing to tell as Jack was to listen, as, whenever Mrs. Tubbs would remonstrate with her boy for "teasing" his new friend with his questions, the answer was sure to be—"No, bless ye, mum, it's a pleasure; he'll be a brave man one of these days, mum—like him as is gone, mum."

At first, it was not an easy matter for Jack to maintain peace among his many pets, for, like human beings, they often mistook harmless familiarities for deliberate affronts, and a naturally genial and lively nature for a rude or pushing disposition. There was Master Grip, the forlorn terrier, who could not be got to respect the gravity of Miss Pidge, the cat; nor indeed was it until some months had passed that Grip himself could endure the familiarity of the marmoset, who had a perpetual desire to make free with Grip's tail; or that Billy Black, the raven, could tolerate the same attention from the same restless young gentleman;

or that Impudence, the jackdaw, could regard Billy Black with any feelings but those of marked suspicion and mistrust. But love works wonders; and, to Jack's intense gratification, the time came when Grip and Pidge would sleep in each other's embrace, and Grip would, of his own free will, place his tail at the disposal of the marmoset; and Billy could, without dread of giving offence, perch on the back of Grip or Pidge, and would of himself pleasingly tickle the poll of Little Torment—for such was the appropriate name by which the marmoset was known among the Happy Family. There was no such thing as "cat and dog life"—that is, scratching and snarling—under Jack's mild but firm rule; but, on the contrary, all was domestic peace and harmony.

Billy Black, the raven, was a wonderfully wise-looking bird; and as he sat on Jack's shoulder—a favourite perch of Master Billy's—and placed his beak near Jack's ear, one might suppose he was imparting strange things to his young pro-

tector. And so he was, and very strange things indeed; for though to an ordinary ear the raven's "caw—caw—caw" meant nothing more than a "caw—caw—caw," to Jack his friend Billy Black was narrating many a story of his long and varied experience; for the raven, it may be said, had seen much of the world, and was a bird of quick observation.

This is how the knowledge of other languages than that of his own species became known to young Jack Tubbs:—

Jack had a grandmother. I do not mean to say either that it was at all an unusual thing for a boy to have a grandmother, or that Jack had only one grandmother for his share. Like all other boys of whom I have ever heard, Jack enjoyed the full number of these valuable relatives; but his maternal grandmother was the only one then alive, and she was a remarkable woman. Her late husband, Peter Brambling, had served in the army, and she had accompanied him to nearly

all parts of the world. She had been for many years in India, and while at Benares had saved the life of a wise Bramin by attention and skill in nursing.

This Bramin—Sheer Ali Jutgee—was a man of extraordinary knowledge, and, according to public repute, there was scarcely anything which he did not know or could not understand. He charmed snakes, tamed the most savage elephants, made the wildest or most timid birds come to him at his call, compelled monkeys to obey his slightest gesture;—and it was remarked in the quarter in which he lived, that the sauciest or perkiest dog of the district would assume an air of gravity as he trotted past the door of Sheer Ali.

To Mrs. Brambling the Bramin communicated many of his secrets, especially his knowledge of the dialects of birds, beasts, fishes, and reptiles; but he bound her by a solemn promise never to impart that knowledge to any human being who

did not show, by natural goodness of heart,that he or she could be safely entrusted with a power so great as that which this knowledge would confer; for, as the Bramin said to his faithful nurse, "Possessed of the secret of the language and thought of these poor things, a bad mortal could do them great harm, while a really well-disposed mortal would only find in this knowledge an additional means of doing good." Mrs. Brambling gave the required promise to the wise Bramin, and never once violated it, in letter or in spirit.

Grandmama Brambling lived with her daughter, Jack's mother, took care of the house, looked after Jack, and taught him his first lessons. She of course saw, what was indeed apparent to everybody who knew him, that Jack was one of those really good natures that could be entrusted with the Bramin's secret.

"The boy is a good boy," said Mrs. Brambling, —"yes, and a loving boy, and there is no fear of his turning the secret to bad account. Besides, he

is sure to go to sea, and no one can tell when or where its knowledge may be useful to him."

And so what the Bramin told to her she told to Jack, at the same time binding him by the same promise she had given to the Bramin,—never to tell the secret to anyone on whose good nature he could not depend, or, above all, on whose truthfulness he could not rely.

Jack was ten years old before Grandmama Brambling revealed to him this knowledge of languages—of the inhabitants of air and earth and sea. From that moment his intercourse with his pets was far more interesting than it had been previously, though the power he now exercised scarcely added to his influence with the Family; for that was founded on the instinctive perception of the boy's nature possessed by each of its members—a faculty of perception and judgment which Nature, for her own wise purposes, has given to those whom Man terms the "inferior animals."

Billy Black, the raven, was rather morose in manner, and too much inclined to censoriousness to please his young master, who never said a bad word of anyone. The object of Billy Black's harsh comments was the magpie that a friend had presented to Jack, and that, in spite of a taste for thieving—more the result of a secretive tendency than of actual moral depravity—was a general favourite with the Family. While possessing many sterling qualities, Billy was jealous of the jackdaw's lively manner, and when not snubbing him was too much inclined to patronize him. Jack treated the matter with great tact, and by an occasional hint to the raven, of the respect in which the jackdaw held him, and the value the jackdaw set upon his extensive and varied information, contrived to bring about a state of feeling which eventually ripened into a solid friendship. So easy is it for us to do good—easier than to do evil—if we have the desire to do it, and go about it in the right way. With the improve-

ment of Billy's temper, his happiness was much enhanced, and he now would "Caw—caw—caw" with singular relish as he watched the antics of the marmoset, from whom, to do him justice, he bore much, and beheld that lively animal astride on the cat's back, and peering into her open jaws, with the gravity of a dentist who was examining the bad tooth of a patient.

On the whole, peace reigned in the bosom of the Family, the happiness of whose members was much increased by the return of their young master from his school—where he was getting on in his studies to the satisfaction of his teachers, who were never tired of declaring that "Young Tubbs was one of the best boys of all the pupils—bright and good—but good before all."

This praise of her boy made Martha Tubbs very happy. But in the midst of the mother's happiness, at the knowledge of her child growing up in grace and goodness, there was a cause for

uneasiness that would too often rise to her mind, and fill her affectionate heart with sad foreboding. This was Jack's passion for the sea, which was displayed in many ways. Thus, for instance, he preferred drawing ships and boats of every kind to all other objects whatever: histories, daring and adventure on the wild free sea would at any time chain him in fascination to his chair; and the company of the roughest old "salt" would be more agreeable to him than that of lads of his own age, though he loved a bold game or a boisterous romp as well as any youth of his inches, for there was not a bit of the milksop in his composition. The sound of the sea was ever in his ear, and that sound was full of music to the boy's soul.

"Let the youngster 'ave 'is way, mum; 'tis no manner of use a-tryin' to knock it out of 'im, mum; for you see this is 'ow it is—wat's bred in the bone can't be got out of the flesh—nohow, Mrs. Tubbs, mum."

These were the words of old Ned Fluke; and though Ned Fluke was not a highly polished individual, as may be guessed from his style of address, he was a man of sound sense and high principle, and, what weighed much with Martha Tubbs, he was never wearied of singing the praises of her lost William, to whom he attributed more than mortal excellence. So in the end, after many a day of anxiety, and many a night of tears, the widow consented to allow her boy to "have his way;" and the owners of the fine ship saved by the father's courage and seamanship, having willingly consented to take the son into their service, the time came when Jack was about to be launched on the element to which his thoughts ever turned. The last moment—that of parting from the darling of her heart—arrived only too soon for Martha Tubbs.

"Mother," said Jack, as the poor widow hung upon his neck, and kissed his fair handsome brow with passionate tenderness, "you'll be rich

one of those days—I know you will;—I'll do it, Mother."

"I am rich enough for all my wants, my darling boy—I'd prefer your company to all the wealth of the world—so I would. Oh, why couldn't you stay with me, darling? Why go from the mother that loves you?" And the good little woman's tears fell on her boy's breast.

"But," said Jack, to whom his mother's words caused much distress, "you shall be able to live like a lady, and not work any more."

"Honest work is a blessing, my child, not a thing to regret. What but work saved me from misery, and perhaps from madness, after your poor father was lost to me?"

"Riches!" joined in Grandmama Brambling; "if riches come to us honestly, and with God's blessing, we may enjoy them, and the best way to enjoy them is to turn them to good account. But there are far better things in this world than gold, my boy. There is health—and not all the

gold in the Bank of England could restore that blessing to us if we once lost it. But health is not the greatest of blessings,—there is the happiness of a clear conscience, and the feeling that you have done good to your fellow-creatures. Think, my darling boy, of old Joe Grasper; think of him, when you talk of making your mother rich—think of the life *he* leads and all that his riches have done for *him!*"

The vision of old Joe Grasper, whose face reminded one of a hungry rat—of his miserable room, cold, musty, without furniture and without fire—of his life of meanness and pinching penury —of his hardness of heart, and his horrid insensibility to the sorrows and sufferings of the poor, —I say, the vision of old Joe Grasper, who for years had been the tenant of an upper room in his mother's house, rose to Jack's mind at the words of Grandmama Brambling, and he shuddered as he thought of that hopeless slave to the detestable tyranny of avarice.

"Well, Gran," he said, "it will go hard with me if I ever feel as Joe Grasper; I'd rather die this moment than live to be like *him.*"

"No, my darling Jack, you never could;—he never can, Mother! Is it my Jack (kiss)?—my own good (kiss), sweet (kiss)—own, own, own (kiss)—darling, generous Jack?" followed by three more kisses from the widow.

"We must all watch, and guard, and pray, Martha—none of us can tell when or how we may be tempted. Jack is a good boy, with right principles and a loving heart; but he must remember that there are other things in the world besides riches to make our happiness, and that riches bring cares and troubles with them."

Jack listened with respect to the wise words of his grandmother, who, next to his mother, was his best friend in the world, and had watched over him from his earliest infancy.

To his grandmother, who was acquainted with the language of his pets, Jack entrusted their care

with many a fond recommendation. And, poor things, the affection exhibited by all of them without exception—not excluding the marmoset, who was rather too much given to levity of demeanour, or the raven, whose tendency was to moroseness—was very soothing to his feelings; for though he saw himself on the eve of enjoying the object of his fondest wishes—that is, the same career his father commenced at the same age—yet the heart of the boy was full of tenderness, and, loving his helpless little friends very dearly, he was sorry to be separated from them for so long. For hours that last night he sat in the great arm-chair, with Pidge on one knee and Grip on the other, Billy Black perched on one shoulder and Impudence on the other, and Little Torment, the marmoset, going from one place to the other, but seeming to think it necessary, which indeed it was not, constantly to inspect the condition of Jack's hair, which he tossed and tumbled and dived into with his pretty little black fingers.

Jack made a very nice speech on the advantages of peace and the charms of friendship, and obtained from all a promise that, so far as the infirmities of their separate natures would permit, their conduct during his absence would do him every credit; and to prove the sincerity of their good intentions, the raven and jackdaw rubbed their bills together in the most harmonious manner, and Grip took a friendly tousel at Pidge, while the marmoset lavished his most playful caresses on them all, returning again to his self-imposed vigilance over his master's hair.

Jack Tubbs was the very image of what his father had been at his age—strong as a young horse and as active as a squirrel—with a happy temper that made him put up with everything, and a disposition that made him find the greatest pleasure in obliging everybody. Bold, brave, and willing, he soon rose in his profession; and before he reached his twentieth year, he held the rank

of second mate, the same filled by his father at the time of his death. He stood high in the estimation of the owners, and the prospect of commanding one of their vessels was not very remote.

Jack's love for animals and birds—in fact for all created things save what are hurtful to man, or evil in their nature—became more remarkable every day. If a bird of any kind, from a swallow to an albatross, alit upon the rigging of the ship, he would whistle to it in such a fashion, known only to himself, as was sure to attract its attention, and induce it to venture to his side; and, to the amazement of the crew, the bird and Jack would in a few moments appear to be the best of friends, as if they had known each other all their lives. This was owing to the knowledge of the Bramin's secret, together with the natural kindness of Jack's disposition: and allow me to assure you, that whereas we mortals may deceive each other by false smiles and deceptive words, there is something, some gift or quality, in those

we term the "inferior animals," that enables them to understand who is or who is not inclined to be kind to them, or whom they could trust and whom they ought to fear.

Jack had influence enough, even with the roughest or most thoughtless of the sailors, to prevent anyone on board with him from offering injury to the birds that were ever ready, at his call, to perch upon the spars or rigging or bulwarks, or sail about the ship with friendly cries. It was "as good as a play," as the Captain said, to witness the evident astonishment of the beautiful creatures as they were addressed by Jack in their own language, which to the Captain and the crew merely sounded like clever whistling and cunning imitations of peculiar cries—how they would turn their bright eyes upon him with a startled glance, as if doubting their sense of hearing; but how, as Jack repeated his call, the surprised bird would sweep round the vessel, or dart across its bow or stern with rapid wing;

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then, after poising in the air with outstretched wings, as if studying the person from whom those unaccustomed sounds came, it would alight near him, and commence a conversation quite unintelligible to all else on board, but evidently most interesting to the pair. Some of his new friends would rest on his shoulder, or flutter into his hand, and never in any instance was their confidence betrayed.

There was a cat in the ship that was a general favourite, not only on account of its playfulness and fondness for romps with the younger sailors, but of its usefulness in keeping down the vermin. Nance and Jack were bosom friends; indeed they understood each other thoroughly. Nance had two fine kittens, pretty little things, that seemed to spend their lives in fun and tricks, now wildly scampering over the deck, dashing up the main rigging, rolling over each other in harmless fight, jumping over their mother's back, or disturbing her sleep when she had settled herself comfortably

for a snooze in the sun. When going on a ratting expedition, Nance would confide her "young people" to Jack's guardianship before she dived down below; and when, after patient watching behind boxes and barrels, and by the side of holes, she pounced upon a wicked rat—whose long teeth might eat a hole through the ship's timbers—she would cripple it with mouth and claw, and bring it on deck, there to receive the praises and caresses of Jack, and indeed of all the crew, and, as Jack said, "to give her young people an insight into the higher branches of the profession."

"Why, Jack," said the Captain to him one day, "you are either a conjurer or a witch; you seem to understand every living thing, and every thing seems to understand you."

"Not at all, sir, it's only a little kindness—that goes a great way with the poor things," answered Jack.

"I don't know how that may be; but, kindness or no kindness, it is very strange for all that."

For some days a wicked-looking shark had been following the ship, showing horrid rows of teeth which, to the eyes of the sailors, appeared to say —"What short work we should make with a nice thigh-bone!" Now sailors do not feel comfortable at seeing one of these voracious monsters following their ship; they have a feeling that it is not lucky, as the fellow must have a notion that some one is sick on board, or that, if he has only patience and perseveres long enough, some one will be sure to fall overboard—and that in either case he would have a comfortable meal. Every attempt was made to capture this huge shark, but the brute was too cunning to be deceived, and he even turned up a contemptuous nose at a nice bait—a strong hook, carefully rolled up in a piece of fat pork, which is considered a tit-bit of peculiar delicacy, relished by sharks in general.

"Stand by, and let me tickle the savage!" said Jack, as he brandished a harpoon, which he flung with unerring aim, driving the steel far into the

side of the monster. There was tremendous agitation in the sea as the shark received the wound, and the waves became rapidly tinged with its blood; but the pain of the wound maddened it into fury, and it dashed at the ship as if it would sink it. Indeed, the blow was so furious that the stout vessel trembled at the shock, which, however, did more harm to the shark than to the ship, for it drove the harpoon farther into its side, while it broke the handle off short.

"He is tickled this time, my lads," exclaimed Jack, as the men gave a hearty shout. "But what a villanous expression on the fellow's ugly mouth! —if he could only catch one of us now, wouldn't he make mincemeat of the lucky fellow!"

Nance, who peeped out at that moment, was so horrified by the bad expression of the shark's countenance, that she rushed at her kittens, snapped them up in a second, and ran off with them to Jack's cabin, where they had been provided with a bed.

Jack's attention was attracted by the conduct of a Mother Carey's Chicken, that displayed its pleasure at the shark's ill-fortune in the strangest manner—now darting up in the air, now taking a skimming dive, now wheeling above the wounded monster, but taking good care not to venture within its grasp; and the Chicken shrieked and cried in a way that was even noticed by the sailors, but was well known to Jack as the laughter of derision. In the first days of the acquaintance of the raven and the jackdaw of the Family, Billy Black would laugh in the same fashion if the jackdaw got himself into a scrape—which indeed the jackdaw was much in the habit of doing.

"There must be some reason for this," said Jack to himself; "I should like to hear all about it."

In a few days after, as Jack was looking over the side of the ship, remarking the speed which she was making under the pressure of brisk beam

wind, he remarked the number of the Chickens that darted about or rocked gracefully on the waves. His first notion at seeing them was that these beautiful birds were the harbingers of stormy weather and danger; but the wind, though strong enough to drive the vessel at a spanking pace through the water, was steady and moderate, and the sky was bright and clear. Jack thought he recognized the Chicken that showed such satisfaction at the misfortune of Master Shark, and he determined to have a chat with him. The Chicken, who was large and strong, was no doubt a bird of much importance among his friends, as he could gather from their manner towards him—which is a thing not always easy to be described.

Profiting by the Bramin's secret, he whistled so persuasively that the Chicken was immediately at his side. And here is the conversation exactly as it occurred—

Jack.—"Did I not see you before?"

Chicken.—"That you did."

Jack.—"The day that I stuck the harpoon into that fellow?"

Chicken.—"Ha, ha, ha!—ha, ha, ha!—oh, oh!"

Jack.—"Then it was you. But the shark must have done something to you. What was it?"

Chicken.—"There isn't a bigger rogue in the sea than that fellow; and whenever he is near, you must have your eyes about you, I can tell you. Two of my sisters and three of my brothers were floating in a group, and all were fast asleep, no watch kept, when that villain turned himself, made a rush, and in an instant all were down in his dirty stomach!—gone for ever!—and I too late to be of any use. But I knew him, and will know him so long as there is life in his nasty body; and wasn't I glad when you tickled him! —ha, ha, ha!—ho, ho, ha!"

Jack.—"Then you'd know me again?"

Chicken.—"Any time or any where. But what is your name?"

Jack.—"Tubbs—Jack Tubbs—Jack."

Chicken.—"Jack—Jack—Jack! It's a nice name, and not hard to remember."

Jack.—"And what is yours?"

Chicken.—"Whee-hoo. My brother's name—there's my brother coming here—is Whee-hee; and my sister—see, she is flying after my brother!—is Whee-ha! She is very good."

Jack.—"She seems so; but don't let Master Shark catch *her* sleeping."

Chicken.—"Not if I can help it. But we must be going: we'll meet again of course—in the Happy Isle perhaps. And now, Jack, one word of warning. You know we see what's in the wind, and I tell you—*look out for squalls!*"

Jack.—"Are you serious?"

Chicken.—"Never more so. Besides, I could not deceive *you.* So, Jack Tubbs, *look out for squalls!*"

The three Chickens repeated—"Good-bye, Jack Tubbs!—*look out for squalls!*"

The friendly warning of his feathered friends was not lost on Jack, who, going to the Captain, asked him what he thought of the weather.

"It looks all right, Tubbs—no sign of change; but, as you seem doubtful, take a squint at the glass in my cabin."

"Falling, sir," reported Jack, as he returned to the quarter-deck.

"Much?" inquired the Captain.

"Considerable, sir," replied his mate. I may mention that Jack was first mate this voyage.

"Then we must look out for squalls; so, look alive, my lad, and get things ready to meet what comes," said the Captain.

"'*Look out for squalls!*'—why, the very words of that good fellow the Chicken," said Jack to himself, as he went to give the necessary orders to the crew.

The Chicken was right in his warning. The mercury fell rapidly, and the bright day ended in a dark night, with an ominous sky and an angry

sea. Towards midnight the storm burst in all its fury; the wind shrieked like some mad thing, and the waves leapt at the ship as if they would drag her down into the deep. Morning broke on a scene of ruin. But one topmast was standing, and that was in a bad state. The ship lay a helpless wreck on the waters. What made matters worse, a frightened sailor cried out—

"The ship is sinking! Let us take to the boats!"

The Captain was a brave man and an experienced seaman, and the majority of the crew were individually bold and courageous; but a sudden panic deprives the best men at times of all sense and power of reflection. And so it was in this case, for a rush was made for the boats, two of which were launched as if by one impulse, and into them the Captain and his men madly tumbled.

Alas! a huge sea tore the boats from the side of the ship, and down they went with their

struggling freight! Not a single one of all that crew was saved—all swallowed in the raging sea.

Happily for Jack, he had determined not to desert the ship so long as two planks of her held together; and if his sense of duty to his employers was not sufficient to impel him to this course, the plaintive cries of Nance and the two kittens would have been so.

"Never fear, old girl," said Jack, in a cheering tone, "we shan't part company yet awhile."

After the awful night Nance had passed through, it was with much difficulty the poor cat could find voice to express her gratitude for those brave and kind words; but an expressive rub of her head against Jack's sea-boots was a tribute that he well understood, and told what consolation they had brought to her feelings as a mother.

The wind subsided quite as rapidly as it had risen, and soon the waves lost their furious movement, and rose and fell with easy and gentle motion.

Jack looked down into the hold and tried the pumps, and found to his great joy that the ship was as tight as a bottle. He then contrived to erect a small sail, but sufficient to steady her; and he fixed the helm, so that she went before the wind that now breathed so sweetly over the waters that sparkled in the sun.

"Now, Nance, we may honestly get our breakfasts. What say you, old lady?—and what do you think, my little friends, Master Dan and Miss Polly?"

By affectionate rubbings against his legs, and murmured mewings of all kinds, the three companions of Jack Tubbs responded to his inquiry. What they said amounted to this,—that they thought very well of the proposal—that it was very sensible and timely, and that they were all three in grand appetite.

For three days after the storm there was the same lovely weather, the same steady breeze and

tranquil sea; and on the fourth morning, when Jack left his berth, which he now shared with his only living friends, there rose right before him one of the loveliest islands that ever gladdened the eyes of man—lofty hills of graceful outline, with the sweetest glens and valleys intersecting them; a waterfall, like a shower of gems and silver, flashing over the brow of a cliff, and flowing in a stream of light into a delicious little cove or harbour entered from the sea by a narrow channel, but sufficiently wide and deep for the ship, now steered by Jack's skilful hand. The slopes and swells of the land were very charming; and while luxuriant forests reached the summit of the proudest eminence, and penetrated the deepest glens, one might suppose that the groups of noble trees—of every tint, and of every description of fruit and blossom—which studded the park-like plains, had been so disposed by the cunning skill of Art. But the hand of Nature is still more cunning and skilful than that of Man.

"This must be the Happy Isle the Chicken told me of; and I'm blessed if there isn't Whee-hoo! —yes, and Whee-ho and Whee-he too."

And sure enough, there were the three Chickens, attended by a crowd of wood-pigeons, and doves, and little paroquets, and a number of various kinds of birds, whose plumage glistened and flashed in the sun. It seemed as if every throat was attuned to joy; and never did emperor or empress, or patriot or conqueror, receive such a welcome as Jack Tubbs now received from the feathered tenants of the Happy Isle.

"Welcome, Jack Tubbs!—welcome to the Happy Isle!—welcome to the brave fellow that tickled the shark!—ha, ha, ha!—ho, ha, ho!" And such peals of laughter were never heard before, at least by human ears.

Jack Tubbs felt that this was the proudest moment of his life, and he was inclined to say so in words, just as any alderman at a public dinner, such is the force of habit; but not being able to

use his right hand, as all orators—it being engaged in steering the ship to the head of the delightful cove—he whistled his gratitude in a manner that brought a throb of delight to every heart, and a tear of happiness to the brightest eye. How the Bramin and Jack's grandmother would have rejoiced at witnessing such a scene!

The Chicken took his stand on Jack's shoulder, as poor ill-tempered Billy Black used to do in former times; but the Chicken was of a very different disposition from the Raven—he was there to guide Jack as the unpaid Pilot of Eden Bay, and not to speak badly of anybody.

"Am I right?—is all safe ahead?" asked Jack of Chee-hoo, whose knowledge of naval matters was immense.

"Right as a trivet—there, that's your sort!—keep her so!" said the Chicken.

"Have we water sufficient?" was the sailor's natural inquiry as the ship still neared the forest-fringed head of the harbour.

"Water!" said the Chicken, rather contemptuously—"water enough to float ten of you—ten fathoms within twenty feet of shore."

Jack sighed as he thought of the desperate panic to which the Captain and all his men had sacrificed their lives; and how a few hours of courage and exertion would have preserved them to their families and country. He thanked God that he had been preserved from the same blind folly, and the same awful fate as had overtaken them before his eyes.

"An inch of rope would hold her here," observed Jack to the Pilot.

"It would," replied the Chicken; "but, Tubbs, it will look more ship-shape to let go your bower anchor."

"Here goes, then, for the bower," said Jack, to whom the Chicken's suggestion was the same as command. And so the bower was left run, and the ship was made all snug.

Then again burst forth a second welcome, as

the Chicken led the cry—"Welcome Jack Tubbs! —welcome to the Happy Isle!—welcome to the tickler of Master Shark!—ho, ho, ho!—ha, ho, ha!" And all fluttered round Jack, or perched on his arm or head with the most charming familiarity.

Jack now determined to make a short speech, and he commenced—

"My dear Whee-hoo, and good friends all, you delight me by your kindness. The little I did to Master Shark you estimate too highly—(whistlings expressive of 'No, no,')—indeed, I am ashamed to think that my motives in sending the harpoon into his side were none of the best—(indignant whistlings, meaning all kinds of denial). Let me say how I admire—but, goodness gracious! what is that? Ah, poor little thing! it is hurt!—poor, poor little——there, there, don't cry, and don't be frightened—don't bite and scratch—I'll give it to his mother."

These words were uttered by Jack in the

tenderest manner to the struggling little creature that he held in one hand, and softly caressed with the other. It was a very young and tiny monkey that had slipped from its mother's grasp, and that, falling on Jack's shoulder, dropped from thence to the deck. It was more frightened than injured, and soon its mite of a heart beat less wildly, and its cries for "Mammy" subsided into a faint moan, more of complaint than of pain. This is how it happened:—

The Happy Island was the salubrious abode of a charming race of monkeys. I employ the term "charming" deliberately, for they were charming in manners as well as in appearance. Though courageous, and ready to show fight on a just occasion, the Happy Island monkey was—I know it was so when visited by Jack Tubbs—gentle and friendly. The prevailing colour of its fur was dark, varying from brown to black; but there were instances of other and much lighter tints—such as pale blue, orange, and a delicate shade of pink.

Nothing could be brighter than the general expression of intelligence on the faces of these pleasing monkeys; and, indeed, Jack Tubbs was afterwards heard to remark that in the whole island he did not perceive half-a-dozen really stupid-looking—which I venture to say could not be truly said of a community of human beings.

The forest that sheltered the head of the harbour was one of their favourite haunts, where they were to be frequently seen, as they peered cunningly from the leaves, swinging gaily from the branches, jumping from tree to tree, the younger chasing each other up and down, hither and thither—now here, now there, like so many schoolboys during their play-hours. There is, however, this remarkable difference between the monkey and the schoolboy: while the schoolboy must study and acquire his lessons, or he would grow up a dunce or an ignoramus, and never make a figure in the world, in fact be fit for very little; the monkey—that wise-looking fellow—has no necessity for reading and

writing and learning lessons in history and geography, for these would tell him nothing of what *he* wants to know, and this he learns soon enough for all his purposes.

When Jack's ship was seen entering the sheltered cove, there was of course much astonishment felt by the inquisitive little people in the trees; they never beheld anything of the kind before. But when they witnessed the eager manner in which the birds welcomed the huge moving thing, that glided over the water so steadily and majestically, they knew they had no cause for alarm.

The King of the Monkeys of the Happy Isle was, as might easily be supposed, a monkey far beyond the ordinary as to strength, sense, and beauty; and indeed he was endowed with a grave and noble countenance, and eyes so piercing that, if his subjects were at all addicted to lying, which they were not, no fib, were it white or black, could escape his penetration. His Majesty was

considered remarkably handsome and dignified by the Queen, which was only to be expected, and by all the lady monkeys, especially those of the Court.

The Queen, a pretty creature, with a graceful figure, a very sweet countenance, the brightest and roguishest of eyes, and a tail dainty beyond description, was rather skittish and flighty in manner and disposition; and though she had the charge of her little Prince, and ought, like every sensible lady monkey, to have been delighted to tend and care for it, I regret to say she was too much in the habit of making over His Royal Highness on His Majesty, with whose public duties, more particularly those of ceremonial, the office of dry-nurse seriously interfered. To say the truth, this was greatly the fault of the King himself, who petted the royal lady excessively, and could see no real harm in anything she said or did.

The Court, which consisted of some dozen or more of privileged individuals, with larger tails

than the rest, or remarkable for greater strength, or indeed for imaginary advantages, occupied the tree nearest to the ship, from which could be observed all that passed on board. As Jack was expressing his acknowledgments of his gracious reception by the birds, her Majesty could not restrain her feminine impatience; but, springing from her tree into the standing rigging, she altogether forgot that the Prince was on her back; and the consequence was that the poor little fellow fell from his mother, first, as we have seen, fortunately on Jack's shoulder, which much broke the shock, and then upon the deck. You may be sure, when the monkeys witnessed this accident to their beloved Prince, the heir to the throne and the hope of the nation, there was a tremendous hubbub throughout the leafy region; for he was a universal pet and plaything.

Like all warm-hearted and thoughtless people, the Queen was in despair at what occurred, and shrieked and wrung her pretty hands, of which the

King was rather foolishly proud, and performed other useless extravagancies. In this trying moment the King displayed a presence of mind worthy of his long line of ancestry: while others were stupified, or thinking of what to do, he was on the deck, ready to succour or defend his offspring. But one searching glance at Jack Tubbs—kind, honest, tender-hearted Jack Tubbs—who held the sobbing, palpitating Prince in his careful hand, satisfied his Majesty that his son was safe; and the assurance given by Jack, in the choicest language learned from the Bramin, that there was no cause for alarm—that the pretty creature was only frightened, and that all would be well shortly — not only banished all apprehension from the paternal heart, but filled it with gratitude and admiration of the stranger.

"Ah!" thought his Majesty—for I may say he was much too prudent to express openly on all occasions—"if my darling Queen were as tender to our little pet as this grand person is, my life would

be still happier than it is. But," added the good King, whose domestic clouds confirmed his tendency towards philosophy, "we can't perhaps have all that we wish for, and if we had it mightn't be for our good. And is she not a lovely creature?" And, in his noble simplicity of character, this noble-hearted monkey thought he was not worthy of such a treasure as the Queen; which was quite a mistake on the part of his Majesty, for, pretty and engaging as her Majesty undoubtedly was, he was worth two of her.

Jack sat on the edge of the cabin-window, the more conveniently to nurse the Prince; and the King boldly sat on his knee, and added his soothing caresses to those of the stranger. The Queen now slid down from the rigging, and after many dainty airs—for she was a thorough coquette by nature—she also ventured on the "great person's" other knee; and, bestowing on Jack a bright glance of gratitude, she took the Prince to her royal bosom, and patted and played with the little fellow

as only mothers know how to do. The King, who was much older than the Queen, and whose beard already displayed some threads of silver, was quite enraptured with his royal wife, who certainly appeared to the very greatest advantage in her more tender moments; and he even whispered to Jack, asking him "if she were not a delightful creature?" —to which he replied that "no doubt she was," adding in his own mind, as a matter of honesty, "that is, for a she monkey,"—a remark which happily did not reach the ears of his Majesty.

The birds, who were looking on with much interest at what was passing, were pleased to observe that nothing serious had occurred; and having kept silence so long as the state of the young Prince was at all in doubt, they, now that the little gentleman was laughing up in his mother's face, and even venturing to grasp one of Jack's fingers in his tiny hand, they burst out with a grand chorus of congratulation and applause. As

usual, the Chicken led off with his hearty demand of "Three cheers, and three cheers on the back of them, for Jack Tubbs—Jack Tubbs, the Shark-tickler!" These were given in a manner that left nothing to be desired on the score either of noise or enthusiasm.

"Then your name is Jack Tubbs?" inquired his Majesty with royal condescension.

"It is," said Jack simply.

"It is a nice name—I like its sound," lisped the Queen; for, being satisfied of the safety of the Prince, all her airs and graces were at once restored.

"I'm glad you do," Jack answered as simply as before. But he had scarcely uttered these words when he felt his sleeve sharply pulled, and, looking round, his eyes met those of the most pompous-looking monkey, perhaps, to be seen in the world.

"Well, my good friend, what's the matter?" inquired Jack.

"Something *very* important—very, very, very important, as you shall hear. That is the King, and that is the Queen, and it is usual to treat their Majesties with more respect. I suppose," added the pompous monkey in an indulgent tone, "it must be owing to your want of early education."

Jack could contain himself with difficulty, as he beheld the solemn face of the poor monkey; and he determined to have a little fun with him; so, while their Majesties were absorbed in attention to the Prince, he said—

"I'm much obliged to you, I'm sure. It was very kind indeed on your part to give me this important information. But pray tell me,—for you know I had not *your* early advantages—are these two monkeys sitting here on my knees in any way different from other monkeys—from you yourself, for instance?"

The question was apparently a simple one, but its effect on the pompous monkey, who was

some kind of Grand Chamberlain or Gold Stick-in-waiting, was quite awful: indeed, it very nearly cost that member of the Court a shaking-fit. His confusion and dismay were pitiable to witness, so much so as to excite Jack's compassion. "Don't, Jack Tubbs!—don't breathe a word of such a terrible thing! The King would be bad enough; but were the Queen to know that you dared—that anyone dared, to say it, and I dared to listen to it, I would not have an easy moment for years to come—Jack, Jack, I should be in disgrace." And the Grand Chamberlain or Gold Stick-in-waiting wiped away an obtrusive tear.

"What you have told me," said Jack, in a manner that quite assured the pompous monkey, "I will lock in my own breast. You and I must have a chat in quiet sometime; for I think," added Jack in a flattering tone, "you are a jolly good old fellow."

"Depend on me, Jack," answered the Grand Chamberlain, who gave his new acquaintance a

wink, and put a finger on his lip, as much as to indicate caution.

"Why, who is this?" asked his Majesty, as Nance approached Jack, followed by Master Dan and Miss Polly, who, though both nursed by Nance, were cousins; Polly's mother having fallen overboard while displaying rather too much agility, to please the younger sailors.

"Oh, that's my good old Nance! And here are Miss Polly and Master Dan, if you please, your Majesty; and, good old Nance, this is his Majesty the great King of the Monkeys of the Happy Isle; and this is his Queen, his elegant and attractive Consort."

This introduction was so judiciously effected, that in an instant the best feeling was established; and before long the young Prince was straddled on the back of Nance, who from that moment won the hearts of the royal parents. Polly and Dan rather objected at first; but his Royal Highness was a playfellow of the first water; and of course

they were soon inseparables—could not, indeed, be happy unless in each other's company.

"I think, my friends," said Jack, in a pleasant tone, loud enough to be heard by all, "it is time we should have something to eat; and, if their Majesties will only forgive me, I'll go down below, and look for something not unworthy of your acceptance."

"You'll do!" whispered the Grand Chamberlain—"you are splendid! Why, one would suppose you had been born a monkey, or had spent all your life with monkeys."

Jack looked his thanks, while he waited for their Majesties' permission, which was graciously given.

"Very grateful for your attention," said the King, with his accustomed dignity.

"Mr. Tubbs is very charming!" lisped the Queen.

"Very charming!" exclaimed the courtiers, in a modest chorus.

"Very!" pronounced the Grand Chamberlain,

with a gravity that was of itself a special compliment.

"Hurra!—hurra!—bravo!—Tubbs the Shark-tickler!—hurra, hurra!" cries the large-hearted Chicken, whose enthusiasm elicited a response such as no words could describe.

Was that not a grand feast given by Jack to his numerous friends! What a crowd of joyous monkeys!—what flocks of happy birds!—what chattering and what screaming! But though there was much noise, as is allowable at outdoor parties, all was good humour and agreeableness. There was, it is true, an occasional peck or pluck, with an odd bite or scratch; but I doubt very much if at more pretentious entertainments, for which French cooks were employed, there ever was so thorough a sense of pleasure, or so complete an absence of all malice and uncharitableness, as at the grand banquet given by Jack Tubbs on his arrival at the Happy Isle.

The fare was simple, yet of the best—seeds, beans, grain of various kinds—nuts, raisins, preserved plums, and other delicacies—then apples of the rosiest hue, and biscuits of the best make, glossy with sugar and bristling with comfits. Jack was determined to leave nothing undone to render the banquet remarkable in the annals of the island.

"Give them plenty—no stint of anything; and I promise you there will be no hiding away in pockets," said the Chicken, who was a bit of a humorist. But the advice was good, and Jack up to it.

The Queen occupied the seat of honour, on Jack's right knee, while the King occupied the left with a grave dignity that was quite imposing; and their little son, now restored to the frolicsome gaiety of his natural disposition, was here and there and everywhere. One would suppose him to be ubiquitous; for so quick were his movements, that he seemed at one and the same moment to be scampering over Jack's head,

snatching a choice nut or tit-bit of biscuit from the very mouth of his indignant Papa, tumbling head over heels with Dan and Polly, or treating good Nance to a steeplechase over the deck. It may be remarked that the influence of the Prince's playful nature was quite remarkable with this respectable cat, who afterwards told Jack, with whom she was quite confidential, that she knew she ought to have more sense, at her age too; but that she really couldn't help it, the little fellow was so amusing; and, as Nance well said, "Where's the harm in innocent fun?"

The sister and the brother of the Chicken were perched on each shoulder of their entertainer, by right of previous acquaintance; whereas the Chicken, as Jack truly remarked, was a host in himself, doing all in his power to make his friend's guests comfortable, occasionally prompting some of the younger ones to "pitch in, and be hearty about it, for that was the way to please the Shark-tickler,"—a title the mention of which

never failed to elicit a laugh or a cheer, and sometimes both.

At the suggestion of the Chicken, to whom the vocal resources of the Happy Isle were well known, the company were regaled with delicious music by a band of brown-feathered, modest-looking birds, who, after having partaken sparingly of the repast, and dipping their heads into a crystal basin formed by a trickling rill, with whose sparkling waters they refreshed their tiny persons, took up their position on the bough of a neighbouring tree, and flooded the air with the most exquisite melody. A few of the younger monkeys, commonly called Jackos, and one or two of the more thoughtless of the birds, chattered and made a noise—just as we occasionally witness on the part of young monkeys and feather-heads of the human kind at concert and opera; but the conduct of the general company was exemplary.

"So much obliged!" lisped the Queen.

"Thank you, thank you very much, Mr. Tubbs; it is really beautiful!" said the King, in quite an appreciative manner.

Thus encouraged, the modest brown songsters again lifted their tuneful throats, and sung, if anything, more ravishingly than before.

"Have you such singing in your country, Mr. Tubbs? Dear me, your name *is* so pretty! —Tubbs, Tubbs!—how sweet!" And the Queen rolled the name in her royal mouth as if it were a morsel of barley-sugar or lemon-candy.

"Well, your Majesty," Jack replied, "we have tolerably good singing where I came from; but I doubt if I ever heard anything superior to this."

His Majesty expressed himself highly pleased with Jack's reply, which he admitted to be at once polite and patriotic.

At this moment there rang in the air a wild cry from the Chicken—"Jack Tubbs, look out!—the shark! the shark!" And, surely enough,

there was the skulking villain gently stealing towards the ship under the shadow of the trees. The consternation was universal, among monkeys as well as birds; for many a thoughtless, giddy little monkey had fallen from the foremost trees into the fellow's jaws; and, once in the water, there was no hope for poor Jacko—its parents never saw it more. The desire to scamper was general; but Jack, having requested their Majesties to descend from his knees for a time, begged his friends not on any account to be disturbed, and that he would settle the "little matter" in a few moments. His encouraging words and air of quiet confidence placed his guests entirely at their ease.

Every eye was now fixed on Jack, who seized a tremendous harpoon, with a fearful point—long, strong, and very sharp; and just as the shark ventured to lift a fin above the water, crash into his back went the hissing weapon! Had not the shark been a fish of enormous

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strength and endurance, that moment must have been his last; but he rolled about in blind agony, and dashed his huge tail in every direction, lashing the green sea into bloody foam. Jack was again armed, and preparing to strike a final blow, when the monster—thinking, very wisely, that he had got more than enough for this once,—after darting one glance of furious malignity at his enemy, and snapping his rows of teeth together in a manner to inspire the bravest with terror—slowly and painfully swam away towards the entrance of the harbour.

"Ha! ha!" cried the Chicken, "the tight fellow has got his gruel this time!" It may be remarked again that the Chicken had led a seafaring life, and spoke with a certain freedom on occasions of excitement. "But let us give three cheers for our noble Tubbs, the tickler of that brute!"

These three cheers were given, and then three more, and then three more on the back of them. The monkeys chattered gloriously, and the birds

cried, "Ha, ha! ho, ho! he, he!" in every variety of exulting shriek.

"You are positively a sweet creature, Jack!" said the Queen, who had resumed her place of honour on Jack's knee.

"Mr. Tubbs, we owe you much," the King said, in that manner of serious dignity which he never laid aside in public.

"And now, good friends," added his Majesty, "had we not better permit our excellent host to take some rest? We promise to be with him at an early hour to-morrow, that we may have the happiness of doing the honours of the island to him. But be careful how you go from this to the trees."

"Wait a moment, your Majesty," said Jack, 'and I'll give you a bridge;" and, attaching a weight to a strong rope, Jack flung it over a strong branch, thus making a convenient highway for the monkeys.

"Capital!" the King was good enough to

remark to Jack. Then, addressing the Queen, he affectionately recommended her Majesty to take great care of herself, if only for his sake.

Taking the young Prince on her shoulders, the Queen made a graceful adieu to her entertainer and the company, and skipped across the rope with a celerity and a prettiness that much delighted her royal husband.

The Court and remaining monkeys followed as safely; and as for the birds, so long as they had their wings and the air to fly through, they required no other highway.

As he was bringing up the rear, the Chicken looked earnestly at his friend, and uttered these words of warning: "Jack, there's blood in that villain's eye for you. We must keep our weather eye open; and be sure you *look out for squalls!*"

"Never fear, old fellow! Good night—good night! Come, Nance, you stupid old cat, I'm almost ashamed of you; but come to our berth, and bring these young scamps with you. Come,

Dan; come, Miss Polly." And the four went to the sweet sleep of the innocent.

Jack was roused out of a pleasant sleep at an early hour next morning, by the gambols of Nance's "young people;" who, in spite of Nance's remonstrance and an occasional chastisement from her paw, would insist on making a playground of her patron's berth. To her great disgust, Dan and Polly had commenced a spirited sparring-match across their benefactor's nose; but she rather checked their spirit of fun by assuring them that "once for all, if they brought her on them, they knew what they'd catch." As Nance remarked, "There was a time for everything, and there was such a thing, too, as too much of a good thing; and games on a gentleman's pillow at four o'clock in the morning was one of these." But Jack set matters right with Nance, and promised that the "young people" would be models of discretion for the future; at which promise,

I am sorry to say, Master Dan and Miss Polly winked at each other—taking care, however, to do so behind Nance's back.

How glorious was the scene before him as he went on deck and looked around him! Beauty and exquisite freshness on every side—the sky a blaze of brightness, the water sparkling as it rolled in from the sea in silver wavelets, and the depths of the forest suggestive of the coolest shade and the most delicious repose. An additional charm was added to his enjoyment by a graceful act of gratitude; for no sooner was his head visible above the cabin-stairs than he was hailed with a burst of minstrelsy such as no orchestra or band of human singers could rival, much less excel. This was a delicate attention offered on the part of the birds by the brown-feathered musicians of the previous day. It seemed to him like a hymn of thanks to the Creator from the most innocent and harmless of all created beings.

Having no fear of the Shark's presence in the harbour—at least for some time to come—Jack refreshed himself by a "header" into the sea; after which he prepared breakfast for himself and his cats, at the same time making ample provision for any accidental guests that might happen to drop in. He invited the good little choristers to come on board and join them in a friendly way, without fuss or ceremony of any kind; but there was some shyness on the part of the singing-birds with respect to Nance: for though she appeared to human eyes as the mildest of her sex, to the eyes of the timid musicians on the tree-branch she did not look altogether so attractive. Understanding where the difficulty existed, Jack requested Nance, as a favour to himself, to take her breakfast with the "young people" in the cabin, which she cheerfully consented to do, and the next moment a crowd of small birds fluttered upon the deck, and made themselves quite at home, as they picked up a nice meal of crushed

biscuit, seeds, and other suitable delicacies. They hopped freely about in all directions, and made no more of perching anywhere on Jack than if he were a branch of a tree or a rose-bush. Some time after breakfast there was another song; and as the cries of the larger birds announced their approach, the pretty brown musicians thanked Jack for his "elegant hospitality," and retired to their orchestra, where they would be ready to take part in any of the proceedings of the day.

There was now a mighty rush of wings as, headed by the gallant Chicken, came a multitude of birds, various in form and size and plumage, but all animated by the most friendly feelings to the stranger, whose kindness of the day before was fresh in every memory.

"Well, Jack Tubbs, my hearty! how goes it? All right, old buffer?" said the Chicken, in the frank fashion of the sea.

"Thank you, Whee-hoo, old boy—all cheery.

And did you and your friends get home comfortably last night?" inquired Jack.

"No fear of us, Jack; *we* know how to get safely home—don't we, my lads?"

Here the Chicken turned to his friends, who replied with a joyous "Ha, ha!—ho, ho!—hi, hi!—he-e-ee!" They evidently thought the Chicken's question a capital joke.

"A great day, Jack, old horse! We'll have such doings!" exclaimed the Chicken, who was quite in a flutter of delight, and was obliged to throw two or three somersaults in the air to give vent to his feelings. After indulging in this pleasant exercise, the Chicken then announced that the King, Queen, Prince, and all the Court, would be at the ship in an instant.

A stir was heard from amidst the trees, and soon the head of an imposing procession of monkeys was seen issuing from the magnificent tree which his Majesty occupied as the royal palace in *that* part of the island, and which had been a

favourite residence with his illustrious ancestors for ages back. First came the elder monkeys of the Court, the chosen Councillors of the Throne, two and two; these were followed by a number of the Officers of the Household, after whom came the Grand Chamberlain, whose gravity was on this day worthy of all admiration. After the Grand Chamberlain came the Maids of Honour, then her Majesty the Queen, with the young Prince in her arms, to the general satisfaction of the Court—the King immediately after; the brilliant procession being closed by a dozen or more of ordinary attendants. With the same charming grace as on the former day, her Majesty tripped across the "Tubbs' Bridge," as she was pleased to term it; and, in that affable manner which became her much, she at once mounted to Jack's arms, and permitted and returned a friendly greeting. With a grave step, the King passed to the ship, and exhibited special courtesy and condescension to his friend.

Jack hoped their Majesties and their distinguished retinue had not breakfasted, but the King assured him that they had, some hours before.

"Besides," added his Majesty, in his most agreeable tone, "we have come for you, Mr. Tubbs, to accompany you to our residence at the other side of the forest, where you will find you are expected. We desire, too, to show you some of our pretty spots; and we may assure you, Mr. Tubbs, we are not a little proud of our island."

Jack expressed himself not at all surprised that such was the case; and he assured his Majesty that he was quite at his disposal.

"But how do you come on shore, Mr. Tubbs?" inquired the King—"not by the 'Tubbs' Bridge,' I suppose?" And his Majesty was good enough to indulge in a royal laugh, which, as a matter of propriety, was followed by ecstatic laughter from all the Court; and the Birds, who had not heard his Majesty's gracious pleasantry, joined with a grand "Ho, ho!—hi, hi!—he, hee!"

Jack pointed out to his Majesty a pretty London wherry, hung over the side of the ship, and easily lowered into the water from its davits; and he expressed an humble hope that their Majesties and some members of the Court would permit him to have the felicity of rowing them ashore. At first there was some demur, the royal pair and the Grand Chamberlain being rather in favour of Tubbs' Bridge, or branches nearest to the ropes; but Jack so satisfied their Majesties that he was fully conscious of the responsibility involved in his proposal, that a gracious consent was accorded.

"Mr. Tubbs, I confide myself entirely to *your* care—you are so nice and kind!" said the Queen, in an engaging manner. Her Majesty then took her place on Jack's shoulder, encircling his neck with her delicate tail, while she playfully whispered in his ear—"Take care, Mr. Tubbs, for I shall choke you if you're a naughty boy!"—a condescension which much pleased Jack.

There was more trouble with the Grand Cham-

berlain than with the most skittish of the Maids of Honour, that dignified official had such an exalted notion of his own importance. Indeed, it required rather a sharp rebuke from the King—a monarch not given to severity of language—before his Grand Chamberlain could be prevailed upon to settle himself quietly in the boat.

Before Jack left the ship he gave Nance her choice, either of remaining on board "as captain," or of coming with him. Nance expressed her desire—purely as a matter of duty—"to remain at her post;" but the Prince would not hear of it—he should have his playfellows and his lively steeplechaser. So Nance, with Master Dan and Miss Polly, had to come in the boat.

Jack rowed the distinguished party round the ship, the vast size of which elicited the admiration of his Majesty—the Grand Chamberlain and Court following, of course, in a chorus of amazement.

The Chicken being at home on all nautical matters, took his position at the stern, and

directed Jack into a little creek, from which a winding passage, overhung by trees, which veiled but did not obscure the light, led through the forest for more than a mile into a totally new scene, but very beautiful.

A lake, or basin, of lovely form and outline and of the clearest water, spread out before them; the margin, in some parts, crowned by fantastic rocks covered by aromatic shrubs, in another bordered by the softest and brightest verdure. Between this lake, or basin, and the sea, which shone like a huge sheet of silver in the distance, there wound a channel of varied breadth and tortuous course. At one spot, elevated gently above the level of the lake, a glorious tree spread wide its branches, which swept over a large extent of sward. This Jack soon understood to be the royal residence; and here were preparations made for his reception. From the lake inwards rose and fell an undulating plain, studded with trees of hues

and form with which he was unacquainted, though he recognized others as old friends; and, bounding the view, a range of mountains of great beauty and variety of outline rose high into the bright atmosphere.

"All right, Jack—ease her!" directed the Chicken. And Jack letting the boat run, her keel soon grated on the pebbly shore.

Quite covering the gentle eminence crowned with the magnificent tree, or palace, a whole multitude of his Majesty's subjects were stationed; while the branches of the great tree, and the charming islands that studded the surface of the lake, were crowded with countless birds, from whose throats there rose into the heavens a shout of "Welcome, Tubbs!—Tubbs, the Shark-tickler! —Welcome, welcome!" Less noisily, but not less sincerely, the welcome of the Monkeys was given —the King and Queen adding some expressions of much graciousness. The Grand Chamberlain said something of an "address" which he was

to deliver; but the idea of anything so foreign to the genial spirit of the occasion was received with marked disfavour.

For Jack was spread out on the fragrant grass a superb feast, which not Covent Garden in the height of its season could come within a hundred miles of—meaning thereby, that there were luscious luxuries, piled up in fanciful groups to woo Jack's notice, the very names of which were unknown in that famous market. The Grand Chamberlain mentioned in confidence to Jack, that "her Majesty had been engaged at an early hour of the morning in arranging everything; and that she was compelled to administer rather sharp correction to his Royal Highness, who, in the exuberance of his youthful spirits, interfered more than once with Mama's decorative designs, and even displayed a decided tendency to gluttony—a vice, according to the Grand Chamberlain, "not altogether consistent with the royal character."

Jack was delighted at the honour done him,

and at the Queen's solicitude for his comfort; and he pleased his royal entertainers by the frank expressions of his gratification. Indeed, care had been taken to satisfy the wants of all; nor even were Nance and her "young people" forgotten—deliciously fresh cocoa-nuts supplied them with milk, such as ordinary cats are little accustomed to. The Birds were requested to help themselves without restraint.

"The more our feathered friends enjoy themselves, the more truly will they please our Royal Consort and ourselves," said the King, with an earnestness that left no doubt of his sincerity.

Had the King any uneasiness on that score, it was set to rest by the Chicken, who, answering in the name and on behalf of his brethren, assured his Majesty that the Birds would "pitch into the wittles, like jolly good fellows"—at which the Birds indulged in a hearty "Ho, ho—he, hee!"

The brown choristers were at their posts as usual, and regaled the company during the repast

with delicious music—now a thrilling solo, now a lovely concerted piece, and now a chorus that raised the spirits of the audience to ecstasy.

It was well understood that the day was to be given up to unreserved enjoyment—in fact, to unlimited play; and after a reasonable time being allowed for agreeable conversation and the delights of friendly intercourse, as well as for necessary digestion, the moment came for what the Chicken described as "high jinks."

On land and water it was now one scene of sport and jollity. The Birds tumbled and dived and hunted each other, while, like children at play, they shrieked with wild enjoyment; and the Monkeys clambered and jumped, and rolled and fought, and ran races, and displayed grace and agility in a hundred different ways.

The King and Queen, and some of the elder members of the Court, maintained a becoming air of dignity, though the Queen's bright eyes danced in her pretty head, and she could not restrain

herself from making an occasional playful attempt, in a sly way, on her august husband. But as for his Royal Highness the Prince, he seemed, as one of the Maids of Honour remarked, as if he had taken leave of his senses; and so comical were the "games" between the Heir to the Throne and Nance—usually a cat of approved decorum—that the tears rolled down the venerable nose of the Grand Chamberlain, who was obliged to hold his sides, or, as he declared, he would be sure to die of laughter.

The sport was at its very height, when the voice of the Chicken rang out clear as a trumpet—

"Here they are!—the Seals! the Seals!—Three cheers for the beauties!" And three cheers of joyous welcome were given in glad response.

There was much commotion in the clear waters of the lake, on which many heads, from which shone soft, intelligent eyes, were rapidly moving. The King explained to Jack that the Seals were coming there that day to show their gratitude to

him for his punishment of the Shark, who was known to be the wickedest and cruelest to be found in those seas. At least fifty beautiful creatures were now partly out of the water, and partly lying on the grassy bank, as if awaiting a more formal invitation—for a Seal is somewhat inclined to stand on ceremony, from shyness or natural reserve.

It was a wonderful sight, as the coats of the visitors glistened in the sun, shining as well from the water which yet had not time to evaporate, as from their beautiful and brilliant colours. It quite passes my power, though with the assistance of the diary kept by Jack Tubbs, to afford the slightest notion of the various hues and tints and shades of the coats of these charming creatures. Imagine burnished gold and glittering silver, ruddy amber and glittering emerald, spun glass and many-tinted enamel,—imagine all these blended together, and you may have a faint idea of the changing beauty of some. Others were

of single colours, but of glowing richness. More were covered with long hair, wonderfully soft in texture, and of a delicate silver-grey; but beneath this modest-looking garb, which was worn as a kind of outer garment, the brightest raiment was concealed. These Southern Seals are gentle and timid creatures, especially cautious, and constantly on the alert; who perhaps regret the exquisite beauty of their natural clothing, and would, were the choice left to themselves, have chosen a more modest attire—for its beauty stimulates the greed of their enemies, who hunt and kill them, not for their flesh or their fat, but for their fur. Were they as unattractive as their distant cousins of the North Seas, they felt they might be better off; for though great numbers of their cousins are annually destroyed, still those destroyed bear but the smallest possible proportion to the vast numbers that escape, or that are not molested. It is different with the Southern Seal, which is much more attractive to man, and therefore keenly

sought after; and, in order to baffle pursuit, they are constantly on the look-out for new havens of asylum, in case those they possess should be in danger of discovery.

Not one of these Seals would have ventured to Happy Isle—a favourite haunt of theirs—had Jack been an ordinary person; but, thanks to the Chicken and his family, who had been early on the wing that morning, the account of his kindness to helpless and unoffending creatures was spread far and wide; and the tidings of his two attempts against the Shark—a monster universally detested—made the Seals, whom the Chicken and his family met, most anxious to be introduced to Jack, whom they much desired to know. The Chicken did the introduction part, which was purely formal; as, when persons desire to become acquainted, few words are necessary for the purpose.

The King politely asked the Seals if they would eat anything, to which an elderly Seal replied, that they were much indebted to his Majesty for his

gracious courtesy, but that they had already made an abundant luncheon, and that they never would consent to render themselves uncomfortable, which over-eating would be sure to render them.

"That's a sensible person," remarked his Majesty to those around him, hoping that his remark would reach the ears of his Royal Highness; but the Heir to the Throne was engaged at that moment in a furious scamper with the "young people."

Jack went down to the edge of the water, and, sitting on a little mound, told the Seals, in the language he had derived from the Bramin, how glad he was to meet them in that friendly fashion; that he had always admired them, and that he had never injured one of their race.

"That I believe: you look too good to injure anything—there is no cruel greed, no wickedness, in your eyes."

This was said in the most tuneful voice, and

with a charming accent, quite different from anything Jack had ever heard before, by the very handsomest of the Seals—evidently a Lady Seal of exalted rank—with the softest and most intelligent eyes, as she boldly came out of the water, and laid her lovely head, with an air of perfect confidence, on Jack's lap.

"He's a good un, and no mistake, I tell you," said the Chicken, who was Jack's zealous trumpeter.

"I am sure of that," answered the Seal; "one has only to look at him to see that."

Jack, who felt a little confused at this open praise, said he was much honoured by her good opinion.

"We have not long to remain to-day," continued the Beautiful Seal; "we are going to a public meeting at some distance, a hundred miles or so from this, to consider intelligence lately brought to us; but in three days hence we return, when we hope to remain longer. And, Mr. Tubbs,

we should so like you would swim with us; and perhaps we may be able to give you some useful instruction—it is so essential, you know, for a sailor to swim well, especially so nice a sailor as you, Mr. Tubbs!"

The last words were accompanied by a tender glance at Jack, who expressed his acknowledgments, and said he should be most happy to accept the invitation; for that his good mother was very particular as to his swimming, and would not hear of his going to sea until old Ned Fluke had given a favourable account of his skill.

Many pleasant things were said by the Beautiful Seal, who regretted that the time was so short for them to remain on that occasion.

Preceded by the Chicken and the Family, who circled above them with joyous cries, the Seals swam out of the basin, through the winding channel, and out to the open sea. Having paid the visitors that compliment, the Chicken and the Family returned to their friends.

Two days were rapidly passed by Jack in the inspection of the island, each evening being closed with an entertainment, of which music and innocent sports formed an agreeable feature.

A little incident occurred which afforded no small amusement at the time. The Grand Chamberlain—who, notwithstanding his pomposity, was really a capital fellow—became one of Jack's fastest friends; but having incautiously meddled with the bottles in the cabin, the Grand Chamberlain took more than was at all good for him, or, indeed, for any respectable monkey; and nothing would then do for the unhappy Grand Chamberlain but to embrace the Queen, and call the King a "jolly old cock!" Owing to Jack's deserved influence, the scandal was hushed up; but the Grand Chamberlain was not restored to the royal favour until he had solemnly taken the pledge, which he did with the air of a monkey honestly determined to keep it.

On the third day the Seals returned, their coming

having been announced by the Chicken. Jack, who wore a neat swimming costume, the same in which he had won the champion's belt two years before, was soon out in the sea with his friends, a mile or so from the shore. The weather was bright, and the water refreshing, and pleasant sport was the order of the moment. The Beautiful Seal did, as it were, the honours of the ocean to Jack, to whom she taught many important secrets, which proved useful to him and others at a future time. She was wonderfully graceful in her movements, and exhibited herself to great advantage, as she went through a variety of the prettiest evolutions. She swam over Jack in a playful manner, "ducking" him in pleasant sport; the effect, as she glided over his shoulders and head with her soft slippery fur, being very novel and agreeable.

The Beautiful Seal was perfecting Jack in a particularly useful lesson, by which he could sustain himself in the water for hours without exertion, when a shrill cry, full of agonized alarm, rang out

from the watchful Chicken—"Jack, look out, look out!—the Shark, the Shark!—in for shore, in for shore!"

At first, as you may suppose, the excitement was intense, neither the Seals nor Jack having bestowed as much as a thought on the Shark. Jack now knew himself to be in the greatest peril; but he had a keen and strong dagger-knife in his belt, and he determined to fight to the very last in defence of his life: and as he drew the weapon from its sheath, he thought of home, and his mother and grandmother, and his pets—yes, and of old Ned Fluke, to whom his mother had given a shelter for his declining years.

The Seals, though naturally timid, showed admirable coolness on this trying occasion, especially the beautiful creature at whose invitation Jack had placed himself in such danger. They rapidly consulted, and rapidly resolved how to act; and it was wonderful to see the look of sternness that now shone from their eyes, usually so soft and gentle in

expression, as they placed themselves rapidly before Jack.

On rushed the savage Shark, resolved to make a grand smash of his enemy, whose limbs he already crunched in imagination; but the Seals met him in a compact body, and, at a rapid signal,—for there was not a second to be lost, you may be sure,—they cleverly got under him, and by one vigorous effort lifted him clear and clean out of the water, into the bright but most unwelcome sunlight.

The villain was caught in his own trap. He lashed with his tail, struck with his fins, snapped with his tremendous teeth, wriggled and twisted his huge body, and made the most violent and desperate efforts to free himself from his strange position; but all in vain—out of it he could not budge.

"Stick to him, my beauties! That's it, my hearties!—that's it, my darlings! Hallo, Sharky! how do you like it up here?—isn't it salubrious,

old boy?" These were the words of the Chicken, cheering, no doubt, to his friends, but highly taunting to his enemy.

The Shark soon had a bad time of it: he is not amphibious, as you know, like the Seal, who is intended for land as well as for water. Bitterly did he understand at this moment the meaning of the saying, "a fish out of water." He began to gasp, and pant, and grow faint; and, feeling that it was nearly up with him, he cried for mercy.

Now, the Seals are not a cruel or vengeful race, far from it; and they had no desire to have the death of the monster on their heads: if they could effectually frighten the fellow, and if possible bring him to repentance—though there was not much chance of this—that was all that they desired. The villain's cry for mercy afforded them the right opportunity of showing it; so the Beautiful Seal said that if he would make a solemn oath he would never again appear within a hundred miles

of the Happy Isle, and never molest, or as much as touch Jack Tubbs, if he ever should happen to meet him, they might restore him to his proper element.

With a gasp of agony, such as he never felt before, the Shark gave the required oath; and at once the Seals went all from under him, and he was dropped into the sea, to his amazing comfort. I cannot say if the Shark kept his promise, or had any intention of keeping it—probably he had not; but I am certain that Jack was never troubled by him again.

"I am so happy!" said the Beautiful Seal, whose eyes had now regained their accustomed expression. "Had that monster caught you, Mr. Tubbs, I should never have forgiven myself."

Jack returned the warmest thanks to his beautiful friend, and declared he never could show his gratitude to all the Seals for their courageous devotion of that moment.

The remainder of that day was passed in the

wildest enjoyment. Even the King seemed to abandon his well-sustained dignity, in honest exultation at the safety of his visitor; and the poor Grand Chamberlain was allowed to forget that little "accident" of the bottle in this moment of general rejoicing.

Being an accurate historian, I must not omit to notice the interesting fact, that her Majesty the Queen was decidedly jealous of the attentions exhibited by Jack to the Beautiful Seal, and of the persistent manner in which the Beautiful Seal sought his company. The Beautiful Seal might, if it so pleased her—"if she thought it consistent with delicacy," said the Queen to herself—put her head in Jack's lap; but for the Queen's own part, she would take precious good care to sit on his shoulder, and keep her delicate tail tenderly wound round his neck,—a collar of distinction of which, as her Majesty thought, any mortal ought to be proud. It was pretty to see the graceful creatures —each graceful in quite a different style—vying

for his attention. The Grand Chamberlain expressed his enjoyment of the sight in a pleasant wink addressed to Jack.

Owing to the great exertion and excitement which Jack had gone through during the day, he was unusually restless towards the evening; and though he retired to his ship and his berth at an early hour, he could not sleep for a considerable time. Many strange notions troubled him, as he tossed on his pillow; but the thought of the beautiful fur of the Seals, and how he should wish to bring home such lovely winter coats to his mother and grandmother, and what a heap of money a hundred or so of the skins of these graceful and friendly creatures would fetch in London,—this thought quite took possession of him. To do Jack justice, he was not responsible for the thoughts that passed through his brain, and he did not in any way encourage them; on the contrary, whenever he started out of the half-sleeping,

half-dreaming condition into which he had fallen, he was thoroughly ashamed of this unconscious treason to the friends who had so nobly stood by him that memorable day. He blushed as he remembered the courage displayed by all the Seals, and the devotion shown to him by the Beautiful Seal; then he thought with pleasure of her graceful movements and her lovely eyes; but scarcely did he doze off again when the idea of possessing a hundred or two of their precious skins would again return. At last, his eyes entirely closed, but not in tranquil or refreshing slumber: there was a fever in his brain which prevented that. And here is what appeared to happen to him as he lay in his berth; at least I will describe it as if it did really happen to him.

He was sitting on the deck, engaged in splicing a rope, when, happening to look up from his work, whom should he see coming towards him, from the fore part of the ship, but Joe Grasper, the Miser. Jack was a little surprised at seeing him

there in Eden Haven, on board the *Lively Nance,* but that feeling quickly passed off—for we know by experience that the most astonishing and wonderful things look quite natural to us in our dreams.

Jack asked Joe what brought him there, and Joe replied that he wanted to make some more money, to add to his heap at home; and that if Jack would only assist him in this object, he would make Jack's fortune as well as his own.

"More money!" exclaimed Jack—"why, money is no good to you; it does you no good—you don't know how to use it, and it doesn't make you happy. Why, Joe Grasper, you are the most miserable wretch alive."

"If I'm miserable," Joe replied, "it is because I haven't money enough. I want more—more—more! Give me more, and I'll feel like a king. Yes, Jack, more—more—more!"

The miserable being's eyes gleamed with a fierce, ravenous light as he uttered the word "more!" and

his hands crooked like claws that were grasping at their prey.

To try him, Jack asked how were they to procure this money. He answered, Easily enough; the skins of the seals and the monkeys would bring as much money as they wanted, provided the "varmint" were well trapped and "done for."

"But they are all my friends, and, poor things! they love me; and then the Seals saved my life this very day. I could not think of injuring them," said Jack.

"Woman's talk!" Joe said, with an expression of the bitterest contempt on his ill-looking face.

Jack was indignant at the fellow's sneer, for, like all brave men, he honoured women; and, like all wise men, he knew their teaching and advice were entitled to every respect. He told the Miser that if *he* had taken his mother's or grandmother's advice, he would be a better and a happier man at that moment.

"Oh, they're good creatures enough, no doubt; but they don't know the value of money—all they know is how to spend it, and *that* they do know well enough." Here the Miser indulged in a grim chuckle at his own grim humour. "But, Jack, skins like those of your friends"—and the old rascal laughed in a way to show all the bad teeth in his jaws—"are worth ten pounds apiece; and I'd wager a penny-piece against another penny-piece—but I must hold the stakes, mind that!—the Queen's skin would make a muff for an empress; and the skin of your Beautiful Seal would fetch a hundred guineas if it fetched a shilling. So, Jack, my lad, we only want, say a hundred seal-skins and a couple of hundred monkey-skins, and we have a fortune, sir—a fortune! And, Jack, my dear boy,"—his voice now becoming very affectionate in its tone,—"I can't last long, and I'm thinking of making *you* my heir, for *you* never mocked at poor old Joe Grasper. So, whatever we put up, you will one day have it all—and you

can then build a ship of your own—two ships, if you like; and your good mother, who is now growing old, would be a lady, as she ought to be living in her own house, and never dirtying her hands with a stroke of work. We must trap them, Jack—*we must trap them!*" Jack shuddered as the wicked old rascal hissed out these treacherous words. Joe continued—"By the way, Jack, we mustn't forget it—the wings of those Chickens of yours would do well for a lady's bonnet; they ought to bring half-a-crown apiece, or I'm no Christian." Here again he laughed in a manner to set one's teeth on edge, the sound was so horrible.

"I never will consent," said Jack; "it would be cruel and treacherous on my part to do so. But what is the use of talking!—we couldn't catch one of them." Jack, as may be seen, was beginning to yield to the evil counsel of the tempter; for, alas! the idea of being suddenly rich, no matter how, was stirring within his heart.

"Nothing more easy. Invite the Seals into the basin, stop up the two entrances, *and leave the rest to me.* As for the Monkeys and the Birds, invite them to a grand banquet, *and poison them all!*"

Jack was horrified at this atrocious proposal, and was about to strike the Miser to the ground; but the moral poison, which is worse than any other kind of poison, was now fast working in his mind, and stopping the honest action of his heart —and so he listened to the tempter, and, listening, he fell. The brave-hearted, simple-minded Jack, who loved all harmless and helpless things, and would protect them from hurt or injury of any kind, was no more; and a wicked, cruel, and treacherous villain was now there in his place.

Had he put down the evil thought at first, he could have done so with little trouble; but he trifled with it, and suffered it to grow and take root in his heart, until eventually, and very soon too, it became too strong for him to resist, and he

was its slave. Still, he blushed with shame as he thought of the King and Queen, and their affection for him—and of the Beautiful Seal, and her gentle nature, and the courage she exhibited in his defence; and perhaps the notion of his base treachery to the Chicken was the hardest to bear. He dared not encounter the clear, bold, honest eye of the gallant Whee-hoo; and so cowed did his guilty conscience render him, that he would be ashamed to look in the face of the pompous but honest-minded Grand Chamberlain.

Jack now felt himself possessed by a savage spirit, and he was impatient until he should commence the barbarous massacre of his unsuspecting friends—so rapid is the growth of evil in the most fertile of all soils, the human heart.

It would be too sad and too painful to describe how the horrid plot was carried into execution—how readily the innocent, trusting creatures fell into it—how triumphant was the treachery—how terrible was the massacre—how blood and suffering

and death were in every direction. "Happy Isle" was its right name no more, for now it was the scene of sin and wickedness. Drunk with the odour and taste of blood, and frenzied with the lust of killing, Jack was more like a man-eating tiger than a human being. His once handsome face was brutal with passion; his features were swollen and convulsed with rage; his eyes were bloodshot and fierce; and his hair, that waved so softly round his open brow, and was the pride of his mother's heart, now stood up like the rough mane of a savage beast.

Maddened by thirst, he went to drink at the clear fountain, so favourite a drinking and bathing place with the modest brown choristers; but as he saw the reflection of his countenance in its bright mirror-like surface, he started back with horror. He now saw his crime face to face, in all its hideous deformity. "Why, that's the image of a devil!' he thought in affright. That one look sobered him, for it showed himself as he had

become. His first impulse was to turn round and wreak a bloody vengeance on his tempter; but the tempter was not visible, and a mocking laugh, coming from what quarter Jack could not tell, was the only indication of his presence. And now, as the false fire of crime died out, how awful did the stillness appear to the miserable Jack!—how mournful the solitude!—how chilling the universal air of lifelessness and death!

Jack rushed towards the forest, to hide himself in its depths from the stings of his own conscience; but, as he wildly plunged into its recesses, there was heard a whirr of wings, and a scurry of nimble feet, while cries of alarm were raised on every side: it was the poor things that had escaped the massacre, and now fled in terror at his approach. If they had known it, they might as well have remained quietly in their hiding-places, for the evil fury no longer possessed the heart of Jack. Out of the forest, over the plains, up into the mountain, he fled from himself and his own

thoughts. But, go where he would, he could not fly from himself and his thoughts; though everything that had life in it fled from him in dismay and horror.

He could not rest quiet a single moment—cries and shrieks and death-groans rang continually in his ears. The soft eyes of the Beautiful Seal were awful to his memory—the engaging prettiness of the Queen was before him, as he contrasted it with the body that lay stark and stiff on the quarter-deck—the joyous cries of the gallant Chicken now lashed him like whips of scorpions, while the sweet songs of the ever-obliging Singing Birds pierced him with reproach. Oh! if he could undo the past! if he could wash his hands of this red stain!—if he could purify his heart of his sin! How could he venture to look at his mother or grandmother, or into the honest eyes of old Ned Fluke? They, his old pets the Raven and the Jackdaw, would be sure to know he had done something wrong—something that changed his

whole nature—and they would fly from the roof that had so long given them shelter. He closed his eyes in despair, for he dared not cast his glance on the earth—it was full of the evidences of his cruelty; he dared not lift it to the heavens—it seemed as if they formed but one vast Eye of Judgment glaring into his guilty soul.

"I'll not stand it longer! I feel as if I were an accursed thing! I don't care what becomes of me here or hereafter!" and, rushing to a high cliff that overhung the sea, Jack flung himself headlong to destruction!

The shock dissipated the dream; and Jack awoke from his feverish slumber, wet from perspiration, and palpitating with terror. He could scarcely believe his senses, or that it was all an illusion of an excited brain.

"Am I here in my own berth, and not in the sea? Is there no stain of blood on these hands, no guilt of treachery on my soul? Am I as innocent

of intention as I was yesterday? Can I look again in my own mother's face?—again in the grave, loving eyes of my grandmother?—again grasp the horny hand of old Ned Fluke? Will Billy Black and Impudence again perch on my shoulders, and chat with me just as before? Thank God! thank God! it is all a dream—thank God! thank God!" And he knelt by his bedside in humility and praise.

With what delight Jack sprung from his cabin on deck, and plunged into the fresh cool waters of Eden Haven!—and how, when after his refreshing bath he stood again on the quarter-deck, and looked with rapture at the bright beauty of everything around him, he in his soul thanked the Creator of all for the exceeding beauty of His works!

Jack felt as if he loved everything, and could clasp everything to his arms—indeed it may be doubted if, in the mood he now was, he could again harpoon the Shark. His very blood danced

with joy. Nor could he keep his joy to himself —he must have his friends around him. So he sent forth a shrill cry, that rang far and wide over land and sea, and that was soon answered by the gallant Chicken in person.

"What's the row, noble Captain? How's it with you, and what can I do for you?" asked the Chicken in his heartiest manner.

"All right, Whee-hoo, dear good fellow! I want you to ask their Majesties, the Monkeys, the Birds, and all, to oblige me by coming to breakfast this morning. And, Chicken, say, No excuse—tell them I ask it as a favour," said Jack.

"Glorious!" exclaimed the Chicken; who added, "I should like to see one of them refusing."

"Go, then, old friend, and lose no time on the way; and I'll have everything in apple-pie order in a jiffey."

"I'm off, noble Captain." And away flew the bold Bird on his pleasant errand of hospitality.

So urgent was the invitation, as it was delivered

by the Chicken, that there was no thought of refusal; and such was the eagerness and want of ceremony with which the guests arrived, that the Grand Chamberlain actually jostled his gracious Majesty, and nearly upset two Maids of Honour. Indeed, were it not for the singular presence of mind which, as on all critical occasions, the King displayed, the Queen would have been precipitated from the Tubbs' Bridge; but this was all forgotten in the reception given by Jack to his distinguished guests. The ship was literally alive with feathers and fun. Ceremony of every kind was banished from this joyous feast.

The happiest and jolliest of all was Jack, whose eyes sparkled with delight, while his voice seemed to have acquired new tones of tenderness, which drew all the younger of his guests constantly around him; so much so, that if he had a hundred pairs of knees, and a hundred pairs of shoulders, and a hundred heads, he could scarcely accommo-

date the multitudes of junior Monkeys and Birds that came to pay him their respects.

Jack did not venture to say a word of the dream of the night before. The knowledge of it by his friends could do no good, and he wouldn't for anything in the world lose their love.

"Mr. Tubbs," said his Majesty, "you will make us quite dissipated if you treat us with this superb hospitality. Before your arrival we lived so simple a life!"

"Rather a dull one, I must say," whispered the Queen to Jack, glancing at the same time at her Royal Consort, who, Jack could not help admitting to himself, did look rather solemn this morning.

It was in every respect a most triumphant entertainment; and, as the Chicken truly remarked, the choristers sang like "bricks." For a long, long time the memory of that breakfast lingered in the Happy Isle.

In a few days after, the Chicken was on board at an unusually early hour. He looked particularly serious, as if he had intelligence of importance to communicate. His first words were—

"Jack, what kind is the *Pretty Polly?*"

"Three-master, full-rigged, and painted like this vessel; they are sister-ships. But what of her, Whee-hoo?" said Jack.

"She's twenty miles from So-and-So."

I give the name in this way, for I have no desire to reveal the exact position of the Happy Isle, for many reasons.

Jack inquired how far that port was from the Happy Isle, and the Chicken answered, "One hundred and thirty miles, as straight as he could fly." The Chicken explained the exact bearings of the port to which the *Pretty Polly* was sailing, and remarked that the wind was favourable for it, and would be likely to continue so for some time to come.

The Monkeys bidding Jack Farewell.—P. 169.

"Then I'll get out the jolly-boat, and try it," said Jack.

The Chicken was too much of a sailor not to approve of Jack's resolution, though his heart sank within his feathered breast at the thought of losing his friend, to whom he was warmly attached.

In two days from that, Jack Tubbs sailed from Eden Haven amidst general lamentations. The Queen was quite inconsolable, and besought Jack not to think of leaving them to go to any "nasty place;" but though the King was sensibly affected, he knew what duty was, and he employed his influence to bring her Majesty to reason—in vain, however; for the sensitive creature was left fainting in his arms on the deck. It was with the utmost difficulty that Nance was restrained from flinging herself headlong into the jolly-boat; and it was only by an earnest appeal to her sense of honour, as one of the very few survivors of the crew of the ship, that she was prevailed on to

remain on board till Jack's return. His Royal Highness the Prince was equally determined to follow Jack, and deliberately hid himself twice in the pocket of Jack's pea-jacket, from which he was taken, shrieking and kicking, by the Grand Chamberlain, who himself regretted the unexpected departure. The scene was quite distressing.

The Family determined to accompany Jack on the wing; but the Chicken, when not travelling with his brothers or sisters in the air, was perched on the gunwale of the boat, which was a capital sea-goer, and sailed admirably.

In less than two days Jack reached the port, where he found the *Pretty Polly*, whose crew were then actively engaged in unloading her cargo.

* * * * * *

There is little more to be told. Jack soon returned to the Happy Isle with a picked crew and a number of carpenters, with materials for the repair of the *Lively Nance;* and it is very

agreeable to record the fact, that so prudent and well-conducted were these men, under Jack's good influence, they made themselves much liked in the island.

I have not the heart to dwell on the rest—Jack's final departure, and the mourning it brought to all his friends.

Though Jack vowed, publicly as well as privately, to return speedily, the sorrow was afflicting and universal. One may imagine the strength of the attachments Jack had inspired, when it is told that the Queen would have willingly quitted his Majesty, even though she was never to behold his august countenance again; and that the royal pair were compelled, by the frantic grief of their only son, to allow the Heir to the Throne to go with Jack under the care of the Grand Chamberlain—not, however, without that official being called aside by the King, and made sensible alike of his responsibility and his pledge.

The brown little choristers, who had been much

taken by Jack's praises of their singing and consideration for their comfort, would also have gone, were it not for Nance and the "young people," to whose claws, whiskers, and terrible agility they could not easily become reconciled.

The Beautiful Seal was quite resolved on going in the ship, but she was overborne by her family and friends, who, while expressing every confidence in Jack's care of her, were alarmed at what her future might be. They shuddered at the possibility of her being one day exhibited in a contemptible tank, of not over-clean water, in a Zoological Garden; or confined to a tub, and advertised as a "Talking Seal," whose entire employment would be limited to firing off pistols and ringing bells; or—worse than all—being slain in cold blood for the possession of her costly coat. For two whole days before the ship left the harbour, Jack had not a dry stitch on him from the embraces and tears of the Beautiful Seal.

For several days the Chicken and the Family

accompanied the ship; and such was the grief of the brave-hearted Bird, that he could only utter a hoarse cry of anguish as he took the last lingering look at Jack Tubbs, who cried, "Good-bye, Chicken! —good-bye, all of you! Remember me to all at the island! Good-bye—good-bye!"

From the first port from which a telegraphic message, announcing the safety of the ship, could be sent, the glad tidings were remitted. The next day this answer was received—

"*We appoint Jack Tubbs her captain.*"

That was a proud day on which CAPTAIN TUBBS anchored the *Lively Nance* in the Thames, and his grateful owners shook him by the hand. But that was a still prouder moment when he was clasped in his weeping, happy mother's arms, and read approval in the grave, loving eyes of his grandmother, and felt in his conscience he was worthy of the affection of those two worthy women.

His Royal Highness the Prince Royal was received more on account of his sweet temper and

playful disposition, in both of which particulars he resembled her Majesty the Queen, than on account of his exalted rank; and both Billy Black and Impudence accepted him at once for the place in their confidence and affections rendered vacant by the lamented decease of the Marmoset, who had fallen a victim to the severity of the previous winter. The Prince occasionally took liberties with old Ned Fluke's pipe, which was occasionally found in places in which it had no right to be; but Ned was a philosopher, and could make allowance for youth; and he only expressed a hope that his Royal Highness would become steady as years grew upon him, and that at no distant day he might rival that model of prudence and decorum, the Grand Chamberlain, for whom old Ned had conceived a profound respect. I am happy to say that the Grand Chamberlain never for a moment forgot either his responsibility, as the chosen guardian and Mentor of the Heir to the Throne of his illustrious Master, or the sanctity

of the pledge exacted from him, under rather painful circumstances, by that august potentate, —to abstain from meddling with bottles and their contents.

Captain Tubbs has not yet re-visited Happy Isle, but he promises himself to enjoy that pleasure ere very long.

THE END.

LONDON:
R. CLAY, SONS, AND TAYLOR, PRINTERS,
BREAD STREET HILL.

BEDFORD STREET, COVENT GARDEN, LONDON.
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